THE "PASTRY" PERIOD IN LITERATURE . . By Grant C. Knight

JAN

THE

Saturday Review

OF LITERATURE

VOLUME XXVII No. 51 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1944 FIFTEEN CENTS

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(See Strictly Personal)
by Richard E. Meyers

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by Margaret Bourke-White
Reviewed by William Rose Benét

"ACCOUNT RENDERED"
by Vera Brittain
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman

"THE MAGIC YEAR"
by Joachim Maass
Reviewed by Robert Pick

"WINTER CHERRY"
by Keith West
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"I REMEMBER MAMA"
A Review of the Play
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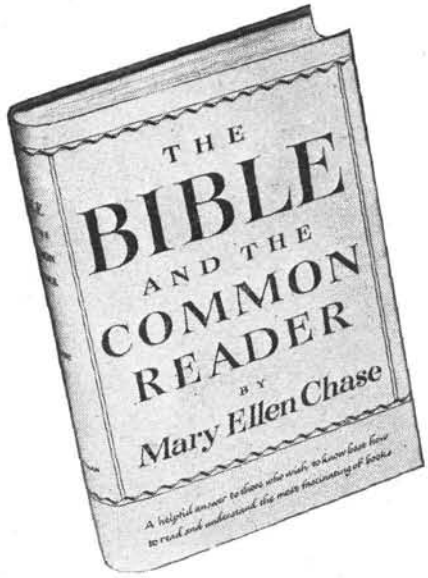

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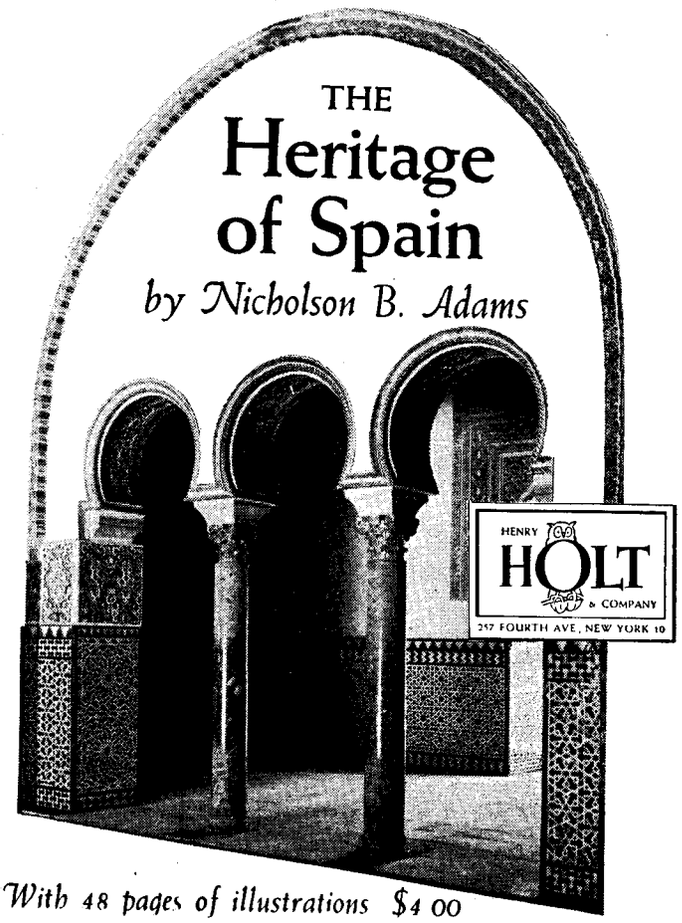
"Once mistress of a mighty empire..."

MANY knowing people believe that before long Spain will be coming back into the news in front page fashion. Even now, while tremendous events are occurring on all the battle fronts, whenever the name of Spain crops up in a conversation between intelligent men it always gives rise to earnest discussion. It may be merely that the Spanish dictator asks for a seat at the peace table along with the democracies who have paid a costly price for their seats, or that an air transport agreement is concluded with Franco's government; it may be something so suggestive as the recent forays into Spain made by exiled groups of anti-Axis combatants. All of these things, great and small, seem inevitably to lead to searching questions concerning the very nature of Spain. Spain, it is felt, is at all times an enigma, not merely now in this time of her misfortunes. Once mistress of a mighty empire, an empire founded by some of the most extraordinary soldiers the world has known, she has fallen from her imperial throne. And yet, in spite of her decline, she has preserved intact her entire dignity. It is that dignity which makes the peasant and the plain craftsman the true aristocrats of Spain.

It is the same dignity, the very sense of hard-rock endurance beneath her spiritual torment, the essential purity beneath the undeniable backwardness and frustration, that distinguishes Spain and gives her a special place in the hearts of those men who are thinking deeply about the condition of our world.

When Spain comes back into the news it will be important for everyone to have some sound knowledge of Spanish civilization For this reason there has never been a more fitting moment than the present to draw attention to an extremely good book which we published last year, Nicholson B. Adams's THE HERITAGE OF SPAIN. That Professor Adams, of North Carolina University, is abreast of all the latest work on Spain is something which American and English Hispanists will know The warmth of the book, its generous human qualities, the transparency and freshness of its language, is the consequence not merely of the author's unusual powers of selection from amongst a great treasury of knowledge, but of his warmly democratic temperament and convictions. Here, in this book, is the human, lovable Spain of all time, the brilliant intellectual Spain of the Golden Century, the stern and austere Spain, the passionate and tormented Spain, and the questioning, awakening Spain of today. THE HERITAGE OF SPAIN is written for the man who takes the world seriously but who demands high powers of concentration and something more than a merely adequate style. We are happy to say that it is written for the democratic man, for the American who believes in his own great republic and who considers that in many ways it deserves to be taken as an example by other people.

The method of THE HERITAGE OF SPAIN is to weave together a beautifully logical account of Spain's history, with consecutive discussions of her literature, art, religion, politics, and general culture. It is quite free from both dogmatism and that evasive escapism which too often poses as scholarly neutrality. Nor does it stop before reaching the contemporary period. In García Lorca, who was assassinated by the rebels at the outbreak of the civil war, Spain produced a great poet. There were many other fine poets in contemporary Spain, men such as Antonio Machado, Rafael Alberti, and others. To this branch of contemporary literature, as well as to the drama and the novel, the reader will find adequate introduction in this book, but then THE HERITAGE OF SPAIN is a far more than adequate introduction to the whole life of that great country from earliest times to the present.



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The Saturday Review of Literature

The "Pastry" Period in Literature

The Graustark Novel Was Well-Intentioned to a Fault

GRANT C. KNIGHT

CRITICS and historians of American letters may have wished in 1895 that the multitude would read Henry James's "Altar of the Dead," or Stephen Crane's "Red Badge of Courage," or Thomas Hardy's bowdlerized serial in *Harper's*, "Hearts Insurgent," soon to have its name changed to "Jude the Obscure." They may even have wished a friendlier welcome for Gertrude Hall's translation of the poems of Paul Verlaine. But the multitude had ideas of its own about what it would read. It preferred the gentle evangelicalism of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," the cut-and-thrust of "The Red Cockade," the lush superficialities of "The Sorrows of Satan," the brightness of Anthony Hope's "Chronicles of Count Antonio," and the exoticism of the second "Jungle Book"—all these by British authors. And it read avidly, in newspapers tinted with the new journalism, of the harrowing of Oscar Wilde. Turning its attention to matters closer to home, the public noted that a young police commissioner named Theodore Roosevelt was calling for the immediate annexation of Hawaii, and that a number of wealthy young American girls were marrying titled foreigners: Anna Gould's marriage to Count Boni de Castellane was the signal for crude puns; Consuelo Vanderbilt's wedding to the Duke of Marlborough, at a cost of six hundred thousand dollars, revealed the impertinent fact that the bride weighed one hundred sixteen pounds. And by way of relaxation and also of indulging unconscious resentment against those international matches which *Life* was ridiculing, it spent some of its money for a new romance by that acclaimed young author, Richard Harding Davis. The romance was "The Princess Aline."

If "The Princess Aline" were not the first of the novels in which an American stood trial in a modern Court of Love, it was the first of literary pretensions and the first to appear for months in the list of best-selling American fiction. It did not set the fashion which within ten years was to be illustrated by thousands of bookshop windows. But it was the herald, the trail-blazer for that fashion—a fashion so gaudy, so popular, that it needs, as may be demonstrated here, the scrutiny of the social historian. And if of the social historian, then of the literary critic also, for here is another occasion when these two interpreters, if they are to do vital and truthful work, must combine functions.

IT is not certain that Davis was familiar with Meredith's "Harry Richmond" or Stevenson's "Prince Otto" or Hope's "Prisoner of Zenda," and since "The Princess Aline" bears little resemblance to any of these it is possible that the genesis of the novel was as romantic as the narrative itself. At any rate his biographer assures us that Davis had seen a picture of the Princess Alix of Hesse, soon to become the wife of the Czar of all the Russias, and that this was the immediate inspiration for the story of a successful American portrait painter, Morton Carlton, who fell in love with a picture of the Princess Aline of Hohenwald and followed her from one European city to another, hoping for a meeting. Neither the princess nor the artist had any more existential reality than had Hohenwald, but an extrovert generation of readers, beguiled by the author's masculine sentimentality and by the intimation that an upstanding young American might flutter a heart beneath a crown, a generation already receptive, as we shall see, to this kind of tale, threw high its pearls of doubt and watched Carlton's progress with full sympathy.

Either through calculation or by virtue of his boyish enthusiasm for life Davis had gauged well the taste of his contemporaries; he gave to "The Princess Aline" the proper balance between the odd American respect for royalty and the understandable belief that American blood was good enough for any family, anywhere. He could even have his hero soliloquize, as no present hero would dare: "A hundred years from now there will be no more kings and queens, and the writers of the day will envy us, just as the writers of this day envy the men who wrote of chivalry and tournament, and they will choose their heroes from bank presidents and their heroines from lady lawyers and girl politicians and typewriters. What a stupid world it will be then!" This was his bow to a prevalent immature fancy. To manipulate the nationalism fuming upward in the 1890's and likewise to appease his own unquestioned patriotism Davis kept his hero and heroine forever apart; Carlton did not manage to speak to the princess, and by and by found that he was really in love with a comradely and comely American girl who was likewise touring Europe. And as a sop to our pride he suggested with chivalric delicacy that the princess had loved the American all the time but that her rank had frustrated her possible happiness.

"The Princess Aline" deserves remembrance for only two reasons: it gave, as stated, the first hint of a literary fad that was to take on a formidable size up to 1907, and it was an exploitation of a basic American conviction, often to be contradicated in fiction, that a citizen of the United States could do no better than select a mate from his own people. Because

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it did not quite hit the frivolous mood which was to saturate that contradiction, "The Princess Aline" attracted no imitators, and for a time it looked as though its type might die in the bulb. True, in January of 1897 Edgar Mayhew Bacon's sketchy novelette, "Guardian to His Majesty," got printed in *Harper's Weekly,* but it seems to have won little notice. Two years later Harold MacGrath, about to become George Barr McCutcheon's closest rival for annual popularity, published "Arms and the Woman," and the form of the Graustarkian novel began to take shape. For it is the story of an American who falls in love with a madcap princess of an imaginary country; she plans to elope with the hero's best friend in order to escape a hateful marriage of state; all ends happily, save that the friend is necessarily disposed of in a duel with the villain. "Arms and the Woman" is so badly written that no one is likely to remember more than two of its sentences: "You can kill a German, but you can't convince him," and "Germans are troublesome when they get an idea." That was in 1899. It would be interesting to know how much those two sentences owe to the behavior of Admiral von Diederichs at Manila and how many readers fixed upon them for future reference.

THE next year MacGrath tried the type again, this time with "The Puppet Crown," a vast improvement over the preceding failure. Indeed, it is one of the best novels of the school. In using the scholarly king, the masterful villain pretender, the ravishingly lovely Crown Princess, the constant ripple of intrigue, and the duel in which the hero is killed the story was siphoned from the inkwells of Meredith and Stevenson and Hope. But it introduced items which were to have compelling development: the mortgage on the kingdom, the journalistic hero, socialists described as "dangerous," and power politics in which Germany and Austria prodded the uneasy peace with a sharp stick. Again a sentence lingers as symptomatic and, in a larger sense, fateful. A marshal with the appropriate name of Kampf reflects sadly: "Happy is the country which is so far away that Europe can find no excuse to meddle with it."

Although "The Prisoner of Zenda" had been a best-seller in 1894 and through part of 1895, although "The Princess Aline" had shared the same distinction in the latter year and even "Arms and the Woman" could gain a reprint, the novel of the imaginary kingdom had not by the turn of the century been packaged in the glamor of a fad. But the wrappings were there, supplied by Anthony Hope's story of the hapless Rudolph Rassendyll. Meredith and Stevenson were among Hope's favorite novelists, and it is more than likely that the former's Harry Richmond and the latter's melancholy Otto furnished some of the material and more of the creative moment for the narrative which was the prototype for the small library that grew after it. For at least the cortex of the Graustarkian novel is to be found in "The Prisoner of Zenda" and its sequel. The commoner hero who turns out to have royal blood and is the double for the reigning monarch, the substitution for the rightful king, the faithful friend, the intrigues to separate hero from princess and crown, the dashing, resourceful villain who maintains with some justice that the hero is an interloper, the duel and the death—these are the happenings and characters that captured and have retained an audience for "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Rupert of Hentzau," and these were to be adopted by a battalion of imitators. Hope's two novels, taken together, are the best of the lot, not that their story is more exciting than many of those which followed, but because his paragraphs, spun with a somber thread, tie plot and style in such a way as to give to both the graces of prescience and inevitability.

Arthur Hobson Quinn has pointed out that a fashion in fiction requires a popular success and a receptive state of mind. The success that was to make the fictitious principality more real to most Americans than Austria-Hungary or Italy was George Barr McCutcheon's "Graustark" (1901). The receptive mind was generated by a variety of causes focussed at just that page of publishing history which only a Nostradamus could write prophetically. The most apparent of these causes was, of course, the boulevard victory of "The Prisoner of Zenda"; almost equally obvious a cause was the triumphant state of mind induced by our military victory over Spain. The latter of these was in turn sponsor for another and related phenomenon, the bourgeoning of historical romance in the years between the invasion of Cuba and Theodore Roosevelt's battle with the trusts; it must be seen that the long procession of historical novels from "The Adventures of François" down to the last one by Robert W. Chambers marched on the right side of an avenue whose left side was made gay by the parade of Graustarkian fiction.

BUT other causes, less easy then and now to assess, were operating persuasively. The Gibson Girl, who did much of the reading, and her young man with the handlebar mustache, very likely agreed that the international marriages of which they read in the press were silly and extravagant and destructive of true love, but when alone the young lady with the pompadour must have had her quarter hours of daydreaming that she, too, might aspire to a coronet, and the young man, granted the proper wit, may have reminded himself that the situation of these marriages might be reversed. Why, if our heiresses could wed the scions of a decadent nobility, might not a reasonably good-looking, decent, and aggressive American win the hand of a duchess? To these egotistic arguments the young people were partially prompted by the fact that they were living in what Mr. Canby has correctly and nostalgically described as an Age of Confidence. They could feel that their oyster was served. They knew that their homeland had just laid the foundations of an empire, that because of ocean distances it could not be attacked from outside, that some things were right and others wrong, that one could save his money and die a millionaire, that Horatio Alger had demonstrated the ease with which a poor lad could rise from rags to riches. And if from poverty to wealth, why not from the ballot-box in the twelfth ward to the throne of a minuscule kingdom across the sea?

This psychological climate was tempered by other favorable winds and currents. Children just before the *fin de siècle* were not brought up on stories of mechanics and zoölogy; they had read to them and later read to themselves tales of fairies and generous godmothers and Sleeping Beauties and princes who were charming. To such youngsters wishes had magic potency, castles in the clouds were more real than Versailles, and the winning of a king's daughter by a persevering youth something to be expected. Many of them, having read Froissart's "Chronicles" and tales of Arthur's knights and Charlemagne's paladins, were further conditioned for the acceptance of the epic hero and his derringdo. And when they were a little older they danced to music

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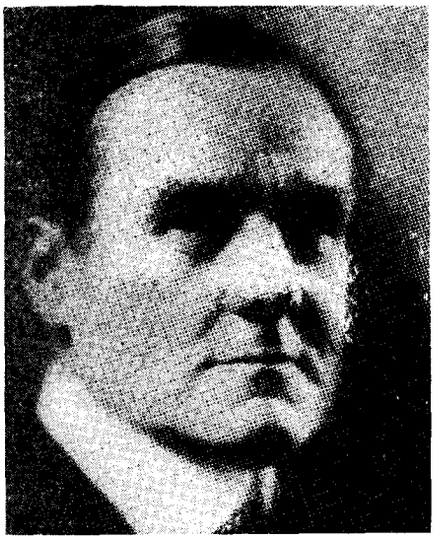
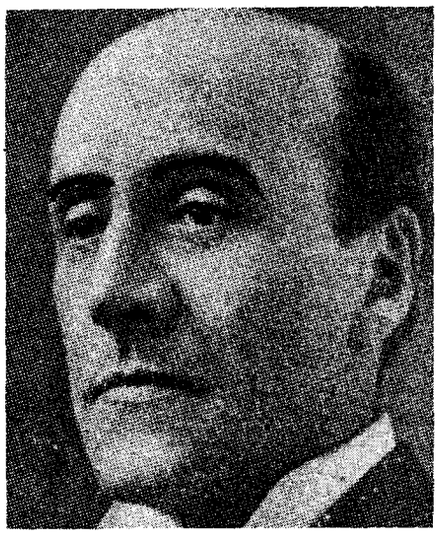
which, compressing a whole epoch of civilization within its rhythms, conjured up vignettes of dolman and shako and scarlet tunic, of epaulettes and patent leather boots. For the waltzes of Johann Strauss, like the later tunes of "The Merry Widow" and "The Chocolate Soldier," promoted among the susceptible an enthusiasm for a Land of Cuckoo that had little relation to the historical mores of court life in Europe.

Like all very popular novels, "Graustark" was timed to respond to an inarticulate demand. With its typical American breeziness it may have seemed to sedate persons a ragtime adaptation of "The Prisoner of Zenda" *leitmotif*, but to the general it was a mighty good yarn, and that it transported the reader in the hammock to the Land of Cockaigne mattered not at all; in fact, that was one of its virtues. It offered that vicarious play without exertion, that palpitation without danger which furnish one of the chief allurements of novel reading; in addition it guided one through a region of modern faerie: palaces, dungeons, gardens inhabited by picturesque and highborn people who were in one way or another at the mercy of a gallant American. The imaginative reader could feel that with something of the enterprise Richard Harding Davis had shown in getting to see the coronation of the Russian Czar, and with much of the thrill, he, too, was attending upon royal pageantry and standing before kings in critical moments. Because he did not sufficiently appreciate the dramatic potentialities of American life he turned to the tinsel and cardboard of McCutcheon's shallow romance and bought it in such quantities that it became one of the best-selling novels in our history. Eventually it reached the stage and the movie screen.

SO convincingly had Mr. McCutcheon written and so ignorant were we of transatlantic geography that many people believed or pretended to believe that Graustark existed. Some searched maps of Europe vainly; some wrote to the author for details of the situation, customs, and languages of the invented kingdom. A Cleveland woman hoped to take her sick daughter there, and another planned to take her consumptive husband to the mountains about Edelweiss. When a gentleman inquired by telegraph as to the quickest way to get to Graustark McCutcheon replied: "Just imagine you are there. That's the way I did." A San Francisco woman wrote that she had a friend who had been in Graustark, had seen the Princess Yetive, and gone through the castle. A boy, wishing to name his dog "Graustark," was concerned about the matter of copyright. Strangest of all, a Westerner declared before being hanged that he was the author of the novel everyone was reading and talking about. "How," the real author was asked by one of the officials involved, "do you like being hanged by proxy?"



Richard Harding Davis



Anthony Hope

Here, then, was the popular success to bring on a fad, and after "Graustark" printer's ink came down at Lodore until the number of novels about imaginary kingdoms and Americans who got entangled in their dynastic affairs became a cataract. Literally hundreds of them, sometimes illustrated by Clarence F. Underwood or Harrison B. Fisher or Charles Dana Gibson, poured across bookstands to make hot summer afternoons tolerable. "It is rather difficult in these days," asserted the first sentence of Harold MacGrath's "The Princess Elopes," "for a man who takes such scant interest in foreign affairs—trust a whilom diplomat for that!—to follow the continual geographical disturbances of European surfaces." That was understatement. To anyone who tried to keep up with Graustarkian fiction it must have seemed that another and irresponsible Congress of Berlin was remaking the map of Europe. Altenstein, Altronde, Asturnia, Axphain, Barscheit, Baumenburg-Drippe, Bertrondi, Corconia, Dawsbergen, Doppelkin, Frivonia, Grimland, Hohenphalia, Maasau, Montvilliers, Morovenia, Palatina, Rhaetia, Scarvania, Valeria, Wallaria—these were a few of the names spread upon the atlases of fancy. Since even isolationist Americans had learned by 1900 that the Balkan nations were the powderkeg of Europe, and since Danubian principalities afforded the best locale for untrammelled swordplay and love-making, most of these kingdoms were situated with convenient vagueness about two days journey southeast of Paris or Berlin and given a population part Slav, part Teutonic. In these toy countries anything could and did happen, with the novelists unaware that through their hazy conceptions of international events the future was trying to speak to them.

IT was inevitable that these novels, heartened by the success of one book and composed with one eye upon an unpredictable market, should have evolved and subscribed to a formula, and in the long run it was this more than any other factor which brought about the rout of the type. The formula called for the self-reliant American hero, surprisingly expert in swordsmanship, strong with the strength of ten Europeans. It called for the kingdom ruled by a princess whose beauty put a strain upon the vocabulary and emotions of her creator. Hero and heroine had a friend apiece who would remain loyal until death, and so, for that matter, had the villain, a swarthy, reckless, sinister nobleman who peered at a maid's ankles as she descended the stairs or, more lost to depravity, kept a wife of the left hand.

The main personae were strung upon wires of intrigue: battle for the hand of the princess, struggle for a vacated throne, jockeying for position on the part of Germany or Austria or Russia, with England taking the role of peacemaker in the interest of a balance of power, popular discontent, even revolution, armed invasion, loves of the minor characters. The action took place before a set of mountains and valleys, with a palace-castle surrounded by a moat which the hero had to swim under trying circumstances; it was propelled by collisions incident to the ambitions of hearts and powers; it featured disguises, abductions, masked balls, duels, battles,

(*Continued on page* 22)

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Lights and Shadows on the War

THEY CALLED IT "PURPLE HEART VALLEY." A Combat Chronicle of the War in Italy. Text and photographs by Margaret Bourke-White. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1944. 182 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE, famous *Life* war-correspondent, could boast that some of her photomurals and photographs are now in museums, and that she is the most widely known woman staff-photographer in the business. Furthermore, she did the films "Eyes on Russia" and "Red Republic," and has collaborated with Erskine Caldwell on "You Have Seen Their Faces," "North of the Danube," and "Say? Is This the U. S. A.?" The documentary photograph and film are her meat. She did "Shooting the Russian War"; and, since we got into it, she has been accredited to the Eighth and Twelfth Air Forces and later to the Fifth Army. She spent five months on the Italian front, flew over the German lines, and was at the most advanced American post near Cassino. Seeing the Cassino Corridor from the air, she heard her Cub pilot say, "It's been so rough down there that the boys are calling it Purple Heart Valley."

Some of Miss Bourke-White's pictures are magnificent, and all are superior. Her narrative is almost as graphic as her graphic art. She tells things straight, as they happened, and just what she saw. Corporal Padgitt, the young man who helped her with the cameras, was just the assistant she needed, and she makes him a real and human character. There is no nonsense about this book. It is the real thing. Miss Bourke-White has not only been nearly tossed by shell-detonations out of Piper Cubs, with her equipment (which she has now reduced to a fabulously compact unit), but has dived into ditches from jeeps. She has heard shells blasting, of all types and kinds. She has been in hot-spot traffic jams. She has worked with the engineers, and been put up at a fourteenth-century monastery. She has been constantly among the pathetic Italian children, always crying for *caramelle*. She has fed on the regulation powdered eggs and Spam. Incidentally, she gives you accurately an account of how the day's work at the front goes on. Here is a Colonel of Engineers checking his terrain:

> Then he consulted a miraculous set of aerial photographs through a stereoscope. The pictures were pieced together, mosaic fashion, over a sheet of illuminated glass in such a way that when you looked through the stereoscope the peaks and rims of the gorges jumped at you, and the demolition which had to be repaired fell into three-dimensional perspective. Through this device, the engineers estimated the width and depth of the gorges to be bridged, and calculated the type and amount of materials needed.

She tells of an Engineering Corps sign painter who began doing a rhymed series, "Burma Shave" fashion, along a highway. One showed a bespectacled soldier being dive-bombed, and read:

> *there was a gi near venafro*
> *who couldn't read signs by golly*
> *jerry planes were overhead*
> *and now he is dead*
> *so solly my boy so solly*

She tells about the rebuilding of double-triple Baileys, by engineers working up to their waists in water; she describes her foxhole studio; she educates herself as to the range, muzzle velocity, and recoil mechanisms of rifles and howitzers. An ordnance officer told her, "Straightening up this Italian situation is like trying to put toothpaste back into tubes." She knew the nerve-racking job of the mine-hunters. The faces of the officers and men that she photographed are worth a great deal of study. She knew a lot about adjustment of fire, surveillance, and reconnaissance by the Grasshopper Squadron in their Piper Cubs, the "Eyes of the Artillery."

Over Vesuvius, trying to peer into it, she was hit in the jaw by her heavy camera when a downdraft took them. She snatched a picture of the churning smoke, and told her pilot that she had never yet dropped a camera. She relates how a GI said, "When I get home I'm going to the Automat and play it like a jukebox," and she shows him and his buddies standing in line for chow. She tells of an Italian Marchesa's fabulous pink-and-crystal bathroom, used by the Counter-Intelligence Corps. They were masters of languages and represented the faculties of fifty American universities. Their job was to *prevent* information reaching the enemy. Of the surgeons, nurses, wounded, and hospitals she writes with sympathetic understanding. She has known the *whoosh* overhead and the dive for the floor in a field hospital. When she speaks of "the salt of the earth" she knows whom and what she means. Finally, as the boys said, "*Life* went to a party with the Long Toms." Miss Bourke-White was up at the front in a big shoot. She learned what a fire-direction center was like. Later on she occupied what she calls a "Box Seat for a Battle."

That gives you some idea of the book. Fill it in with good journalism, giving all the details you want to know, and salt it with batches of first-rate photographs by a first-rate woman photographer, who is both a humanitarian and a realist; and you have something well worth your three bucks. This is one of the war-books you will certainly wish to keep.

—*From the book.*

Margaret Bourke-White "tells things straight, as they happened. . . ."

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The Mitigation of the Evil

ACCOUNT RENDERED. By Vera Brittain. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1944. 339 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THE evil that wars do lives after them, in many shapes and kinds. It would be well, or rather best, if man could destroy this evil at the root, so that it might never be seen on earth again; but, failing that, he must at least strive to mitigate the evil in every way he can, using all the techniques at his command, including the comparatively new science of psychotherapy. This, in brief, is what Vera Brittain says at length in "Account Rendered," a novel that should please those readers who like their fiction to be cast in tendentious mould.

To animate her thesis, Miss Brittain tells the story of Francis Halkin, whose life was one of those left shattered by the War of 1914-1918. In Halkin's case, as in so many others, the damage done was long invisible: the psyche, not the body, had been hurt. Francis had, it is true, been buried by an exploding trench mortar shell, and had subsequently suffered one or two embarrassing lapses of memory. He had also received a slight and soon-healed wound in his left foot. But such matters were trifles. The important fact was that, so far as anyone could tell, he emerged from the war whole and sound. The all-important fact was that, when the armistice was announced, he could shout aloud: "There's going to be a future! Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow. . . . I can count on tomorrow." He had left civilian life as a promising young musician of nineteen, and as heir to a flourishing Staffordshire business. Now "after losing only fifteen months," he could return to make his choice between two careers, but with no doubt as to what his choice would be. He could return to the great art and task of music, to the labors of love that would carry him forward on the paths pioneered by Stravinsky and Delius. "This, he told himself, meant the end of war, at any rate for the period of his working life. It couldn't come back for at least fifty years, after all the world had been through. Whatever tomorrow might bring, it could never be as bad as yesterday."

But he was wrong about the world. and he was wrong about himself. The world was not rid of war, and he was not sound. It was easy enough to come home, to marry the girl he loved, and to earn a name for himself at the Royal College of Music. It was all in the cards that he should make his debut as a concert pianist under the most distinguished patronage. But it was also in the cards that the invisible hurt should suddenly strike him down, render him impotent, just at the moment of his expected triumph.

So Francis Halkin went back to Staffordshire to become a successful business man, lead a happy married life, and win world fame as a composer. No career could have appeared more enviable. But the years went by and war came again to England, and with the coming of war the "old wound" again made itself felt. Finally, following mounting fears, there was another lapse of memory, after which Francis returned to consciousness to find his wife dead and himself charged with her murder.

Beyond this point in his career a reviewer need not follow him, because at this point the stage is set for Miss Brittain's argument—thereafter expounded, elaborated, and even pounded home—which is that medical ignorance in the last war was responsible for innumerable casualties of the psyche; that Francis Halkin and many of his fellow sufferers could have been made whole again if they had been given proper psychiatric treatment. The contention is summarized (but far from finished for the author) during a moment of Francis's trial.

> "I see," commented the Judge. He added: "If the prisoner's loss of memory had been observed and treated at the time, would his subsequent history in your view, have been different?"
>
> "Most certainly," replied David Flint with emphasis. "His memory could have been restored by examination, or, if necessary, by hypnoanalysis. The subconscious suppression would then have ceased to exist, and the present tragedy would have been averted."

More than a plea for intelligent treatment of the psycho-neurotic cases that will be produced by this war, "Account Rendered" is also, as one would expect it to be, coming from its author's pen, a passionate denunciation of war, all war, any war. This will not make the book popular with those who distinguish between righteous and unrighteous resorts to arms; while to others it will seem a brave and good thing that an author should speak out against criminal lunacy at a time when it is most rampant. As for psycho-therapy, at present, it would appear that the psychiatrists need no prodding to make them as active as anyone could desire; although it is possible that England lags behind the United States in this field.

Vera Brittain

But, whether Miss Brittain is right or wrong about war, whether or not her plea for a proper handling of psycho-neurotic cases is superfluous, novel readers will ask themselves whether or not she has written a good novel; and this question must be answered in the negative. "Account Rendered" completely lacks the density of life, its characters are paper-thin—mere cardboard trumpets for the opinions of the author. It is, indeed, only a blueprint for a novel; a blueprint accompanied by much explanation.

Repercussions

By Eva Byron

WAR flings its repercussions far and wide—
We hear no sounds of guns, no bombers raid
Our towns and cities, and our countryside
Continues quiet—we are not afraid,
Yet there's a curious tension in the air,
A frenzy floating down the sky, a thought
Of madness on the wind, and everywhere
The mind grown feverish, the nerves grown taut.
Tarawa takes its toll, and we are sick
Of some queer malady we cannot name—
Bombs rain on Berlin streets, and we are quick
To take offense at trivia—a flame
Sweeps over Italy, and you and I
Quarrel, and do not know exactly why!

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Action and Reaction in the Melting Pot

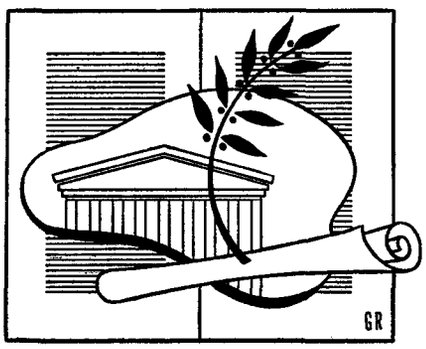
FOREIGN INFLUENCES IN AMERICAN LIFE. Essays and Critical Bibliographies Edited for the Princeton Program of Study in American Civilization by David F. Bowers. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1944. 254 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by H. M. KALLEN

AT Princeton, they are conducting a "Program of Study in American Civilization." This book is one outcome of an undergraduate "conference" held there under the Program in 1942-1943. It consists of eight essays by seven professors—five local boys, one from Harvard and one from Yale—and a series of corresponding "critical bibliographies." So far as I can see, they make up just another book in the field. The essays, with the conspicuous exception of Professor Blackmar's perceptive and lively animadversions on "the American Literary Expatriate," offer only the commonplace in content and method.

They are introduced by a communication on "the Problem of Social and Cultural Impact" from the pen of the editor, Professor David F. Bowers, formulated duly and in the good order prescribed by the current scholasticism of the sociologist. There is, however, no manifest connection between the formal definitions of this introduction and the matter and manner of the essays which follow it, including Professor Bowers's own on "Hegel, Darwin and the American tradition." Nor, in view of the inverted meaning which the professor gives his keyword, "impact," could there well have been, since he disregards both usage and the dictionary in defining ethnic and national "impact." He calls it "the sum total of all the effects registered upon a racial or national group as a result of interacting with the people, civilization or culture of a different race or nation." The other essayists, when they use the word at all, use it in the customary sense of cause or force which brings about an effect or result. In the minds of innocent undergraduates for whose enlightenment this book is avowedly assembled, the impact of the definition could hardly fail to register the effect of confusion.

The confusion, I am afraid, might spread well beyond the meaning of "impact." Assuming that the peoples of the United States had by 1800 already formed and were maintaining a determinate set of folkways, mores, institutions, and beliefs which together should compose "American life," no clear and distinct delineation of these shapes of the national being is provided anywhere. "American" and "American life" appear simply as terms whose meanings are taken for granted, and as used are more apt to touch off prejudices than to recall perceptions. The same observation applies to "foreign" and "influence." Customarily, that which "influences" is active, an agent. To say "foreign influences in American life" is to suggest that the "foreign" is active, the "American" is passive, that the "foreign" dominates, the "American" submits. In conventional discussions of the role of immigrants in American politics, for example, it is a stereotype that the immigrant is the agent, the native the patient, and that the "impact" of the former on the latter results in corruption. On the record, however, the converse is the case. The native is the agent, using the untrained and unenlightened immigrant for his own purposes, and failing to do so wherever the immigrant has brought with him, or has been taught in his new land, the American idea of free citizenship. Often, in such cases, he resists the native, and becomes the leader of reform movements. But as Professor Handlin handles the subject of the immigrant in American politics, the latter's passivity is hardly apparent. Or take the arts. In this book "art" is taken to designate architecture, painting, and sculpture. (Music, which has drawn heavily on the "foreign" does not figure, nor do the theater, the dance, or the motion-picture). Professor Donald Drew Egbert, who writes about "Foreign Influences in American Art," refers to the productions of the Pennsylvania Dutch and the New Orleans French as "foreign." I find this use of the word invidious. In architecture, he joins "the classical revival" to "the Gothic revival" as "foreign." This, in face of the fact that Thomas Jefferson had naturalized "the classic revival" by 1800 and that the architecural mode deriving from Palladio is as American as Alexander Hamilton or Albert Gallatin or Thomas Paine. At the same time the professor ignores the architectural chinoiseries which



French travellers deprecated and Jefferson deplored. While enumerating hurriedly the European sects and cults among painters and sculptors, he does not even mention the influence of the graphic arts of China and Japan.

Or take philosophy and religion. The writers in this book do not make clear on what grounds, in an overall conspectus, Mormonism should be held "American" and not "foreign," or on what grounds Catholicism should be held "foreign" and not "American," or which is to be regarded as agent and which as patient. Professor Bowen writes of the uses to which American philosophers put Hegel and Darwin—he concentrates on John Dewey—as if the Europeans set out to convert the Americans to their views. Of the central, direct, and personal influence of the Frenchman Charles Renouvier upon William James he has nothing to say, nor of the continuity of James's and Dewey's thought with the Jeffersonian tradition. A Princeton undergraduate, contemplating an education for "American life," would get little help from this book in deciding whether he should avoid Greek and Roman classics because they are "foreign influences," or should embrace them because they figured so centrally in America's tradition of higher education.

One conception, which a reader would naturally expect to see discussed in a book like this at a time like this, does not figure at all. It is the conception of American life as a "cultural democracy" grounded in "cultural pluralism." Defined by contrast with the idea of America as a "melting-pot," this conception, which became a theme of public discussion in 1915, was in 1924 made the postulate of a book, "Culture and Democracy in the United States." It has, since 1915, determined gradients of thought and action by churchmen, educators, social workers, public officials. Such groups as the National Conference of Jews and Christians, the Committee on Intercultural Education, the State Department's Division of Cultural Relations, the American Council of Learned Societies, have in one way or another employed the conception of "cultural pluralism." The claim is made that it is a contemporary restatement of the Jeffersonian postulates concerning "American life." In the frame of reference which it provides, Professor Frank D. Graham's conclusion—he writes upon "Ethics and National Factors in the American Economic Ethic"—that "the building of an American civilization is yet in a state of chaos and immaturity," would be the expression of a prejudice, not the observation of a process. As it happens, the chaos and immaturity are the hope of the nation's friends, the despair of its enemies.

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Strictly Personal

ABOUT PETER USTINOV

THE most discussed playwright in England today is Peter Ustinov. He has achieved this distinction at the age of twenty-three, a fact which seems to have annoyed some of his critics who blame him for his youth, which, after all, is not his fault. They would prefer him to save his thunder for riper years, but apparently Ustinov has thunder and talent enough to last out a lifetime, and has lost no time in beginning his career. During the past three years he has written four long plays, several one-act plays, translated a piece of Jean Sarment, and acted as collaborator with Eric Ambler on the successful film "The Way Ahead," and now reaches success with a smashing and brilliant hit, "The Banbury Nose." This play has established him beyond any doubt and elicited from Mr. James Agate, the dean of London's dramatic critics, the assertion that Ustinov is the greatest genius now writing for the English stage. And not only this, but it has been said that he has as much wit as Bernard Shaw but with more warmth and sentiment, that he makes Noel Coward look like an amateur, and that he possesses a knowledge of stagecraft far superior to that of Mr. Priestley.

This is extravagant praise. But it should be recorded that it has been taken with a grain of salt by young Mr. Ustinov. He is unaffected by it and, at times, even suspicious of it. He is more interested in the raps he receives and they have not been lacking. He has been roundly scolded for his youth, his presumption, his tenderness, his Leftist tendencies, and condemned for his precocity. In answer to these, it may be said that the tenderness shown in his plays is never mawkish, but shows a rare comprehension of human feeling. He is not a Communist and claims, rather, to take the middle road—"a politician of the extreme center." As for his precocity, such a charge is merely cavilling at his genius.

Ustinov was born in London in 1921. His parents are Russians, as were all his forbears, and his grandparents left Russia in the 1870's. His great uncle will be remembered as a stage designer of great talent for the Ballets Russes of Serge Diaghileff and creator of the sets for the original production of "Petrouchka." His mother, Nadio Benois Ustinov, is a gifted painter and also designs for the theater. Peter was educated at Westminster and at the early age of seventeen showed a remarkable talent for acting and appeared at that age in a play by Chekhov, playing, not the juvenile role, but the heavy.

The next three years were spent in various small art theaters acting a few roles, working in the studio, designing sets, studying lighting, learning about producing, and occasionally writing a few scenes. None of these varied occupations brought him much-needed cash but they did contribute to his knowledge of the theater and by the time he was twenty he was playing in a repertoire stock-company in Aylesbury for fifty shillings a week—about ten dollars!

And here it should be noted that Ustinov is a gifted actor, a fact which was recognized by the critics and public alike when he appeared at the Players Theater in three character sketches of his own creation, a Russian professor, the Bishop of Limpopoland, described as "a whale of a character," and finally as a broken-down old Viennese opera singer named Madame Lizelotte Beethoven-Finke. The latter brought down the house and landed Peter in a successful revue in London at twenty pounds a week.

Then came the big Blitz. Theaters were closed and Londoners lived underground. Actors were out of a job, but not Peter. He hired a small theater for nothing and proceeded to produce plays with second-hand scenery and properties and actually secured an audience of forty people on the first night. But the Nazi guns were too persistent and often there were more people on the stage than in the audience and the enterprise had to be abandoned. "But no money was lost," said Peter, "because there never was any money."

His brilliant interpretation of the Viennese opera singer kept him alive during the next few months and during that time he wrote his first long play, "The House of Regrets." This play was produced in 1943 and was given critical acclaim for its Chekhovian quality, and its amazingly veracious picture of a family of White Russian *emigres* living in London and clinging with unshakable tenacity to Old Russia on the very day of Mr. Chamberlain's announcement of World War II. With practically no plot at all, Mr. Ustinov succeeded in weaving a spell over the spectators, due chiefly to the sharp solidity of his characterizations. His Russian heritage is clearly shown in this play—nobody but a Russian could have such an uncanny insight into Russian character. In the "House of Regrets," as in his later play, "The Banbury Nose," Ustinov is concerned with the revolt of youth against tradition and because he is able to convince, amuse, and move the spectator, the play is impressive, in spite of its lack of action and development. Critics and first-nighters hailed him as a playwright of rare distinction with a remarkable quality of insight and certainty of touch.

Peter Ustinov

THIS piece was followed by a second play, "Blow Your Own Trumpet," written in three days, a fact which so horrified the critical hierarchy that most of the reviews consisted of tirades, berating the young playwright for his presumption. In spite of its failure the play again demonstrated a very great talent and originality. Undaunted, Ustinov started to write his third play and in the interim also collaborated with Mr. Eric Ambler in writing "The Way Ahead," unanimously acknowledged as one of the finest films produced in England.

And now "The Banbury Nose" has fulfilled all the promise shown by the earlier plays and no longer can Ustinov be blamed for his youth, for in this piece he has demonstrated clearly that he has grown up. The play is well-constructed. It has a point to make and makes it with a sure touch. The action begins in 1943 and ends in 1883. Ustinov has taken Kierkegaard's lines: "Life can only be understood backwards, but it must be lived forwards" to justify his setting the action in reverse and its message tells Britain that she could do with less tradition and more imagination. Here again,

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the playwright champions Youth, by skilfully showing what tradition does to youth by its stubborn refusal to recognize progress or permit experiment. The Banbury nose refers to the long, hawk-like, aristocratic beak, trade-mark of the Banbury clan, down which they looked at their enemies on the battlefields for England's glory, until at last there is born a grandson *whose nose turns up.* This shocking calamity is enhanced by the young man's going off to fight for "the wrong side" in Spain and bringing home a Spanish wife. And, what is more, he hopes his child will be a girl and defeat the family tradition of shoving every male into the Army. In the succeeding acts, we see, as the protagonists get younger, just how tradition has blighted their lives and the revelation is made with sparkling wit, pathos, and often poignant feeling. It is this capacity for feeling and tenderness that lifts Ustinov above some of his confreres, for without it, his wit and *sens du theatre* would not be sufficient to prove his point. The result is a compelling play, dramatic, witty, and mature, acted brilliantly by a superb cast, including the playwright's gifted young wife, Isolde Denham. It has crowned its author with the highest praise. Mr. Agate has called him the greatest genius now writing for the English stage. At twenty-three, Peter Ustinov has many years ahead in which to prove his right to this title. Given his talent, his modesty, and his sincerity, I do not think he will fail. He is now in the British Army and his latest play soon to be produced is called "School for Heroes." RICHARD E. MEYERS.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 78

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle.

IF YOU ARE STUCK: *The clue below the cryptogram will give you the definition of one word. Answer to No. 78 will be found in the next issue.*

DOQCIUGS QZLT LCIENQC.

RCZBQC OCSQM: DOUN LKOQB.

IFOGS IUEB GUV. EOWWKQM.

ECUNTQQ BUETFG NTI HUQP HUZ EFBN.

CLUE: Ninth word: A DOG DOES IT.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 77

CRIME SUCCEEDS BY SUDDEN DISPATCH; HONEST COUNSELS GAIN VIGOR BY DELAY.

—TACITUS.

The Transplantation of Magic

THE MAGIC YEAR. By Joachim Maass. Translated by Erika M. Meyer. New York: L. B. Fischer. 1944. 315 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

REREADING, the other night, in Pantheon Books' magnificent new edition some of the Grimms' fairy tales, I became aware of a peculiar element of fear which permeates these stories—a more or less irrational fright of the Grimms' child characters on the one hand, and a conspicuous delight on the part of the narrators, on the other, in what is bound to scare their juvenile audience. ". . . Most Germans," so the author of the present book contends in talking about his father, "especially if they are gourmands and epicures, [have] a certain sentimental-satanesque weakness for the lethal." Judging by Mr. Maass's novel, that morbid weakness finds an adequate expression in certain traits of German children—a definite kind of *horror mundi,* or rather something of that German *Urangst,* an untranslatable word for a feeling hard to understand for people reared outside of Germany. Not the admittedly frightful and extraordinary, but the phenomena of his everyday surroundings as they enter a child's field of vision seem to be the source of his everpresent, dark-shadowed apprehension.

Reading the Grimms' tales, as I did, practically side by side with this first volume of Mr. Maass's planned trilogy, I remembered the host of fictional and autobiographical books in German literature dealing with the troubles of childhood and early adolescence; and it occurred to me that it is less the outer misery of some of these child protagonists (of which there is plenty in non-German fiction, too) which gives so peculiar a flavor to these books than an entirely special uneasiness and maladjustment which is depicted in them and has nothing, or next to nothing, to do with the child's own living conditions.

How little indeed, becomes clear once more in this novel. It leads into the sheltered milieu of a comfortable Hansard household of the early 1900's, reminiscent of Thomas Mann's "Buddenbrooks." Little happens to Mr. Maass's boy hero Jakob Andermann.

He goes to school, gets a glimpse of petty crime, witnesses some financial troubles and a serious illness of his father, and celebrates Christmas with all the trimmings of what we still imagine to have been the days of German *Gemütlichkeit.* All this is told beautifully—and, as translators go, remarkably well and even beautifully translated. The characters are seen through the twofold medium of the eyes of the lad himself and the grown-up narrator who, self-exiled from his land and (when the story goes under way) snowbound in a New Hampshire cottage, lets "sink downward" the "diver's bell" of his memory. "Downward with you and me, downward and ever deeper into the realm where silence reigns: forgotten life, which has never been lost, looks in with great solemn fish eyes . . . in the deep sea of time." And in the uncanny calm of his "diver's bell" the author builds up before our eyes and little Jakob's the small and yet to him so tremendously important world which gradually takes possession of the child.

But in vain the reader tries to explain to himself the *chiaroscuro* on that world's edges, the boy's continuous anguish and scare. There is something of Hanno Buddenbrook in little Jakob Andermann; but Mr. Maass has nothing of Thomas Mann's divine irony, and his qualifications and reservations, I submit, go always half an inch too far in the direction of a deadly earnestness. Besides, Hanno Buddenbrook's darkened youth is, as it were, harmoniously warranted by his subsequent premature death—while, so far as we learn in this tome, there is no such tragedy lurking for little Jakob. The curious, demonic undertones of his childhood experiences lack a satisfactory thematic counterpoint, unless it be his exile in this country, or the collapse of the civilization of which his education was a part.

That exile is presented in a long "Prelude" which is one of the finest pieces of refugee writing ever done. Mr. Maass transplants the whole magic of the German *Wald* atmosphere to the wooded hills of New England. In that piece American readers will recognize Mr. Maass easily as what his publishers quite rightly present him—as one of the sincerest, most typical writers of pre-Hitler Germany, a cultured, patient, and highly sensitive novelist. Perhaps they would have done better by him in advising Mr. Maass to wait for the rest of his trilogy to be finished before introducing him to a new audience. As it stands now, "The Magic Year" has with all its fine qualities, the effect of an unbalanced fragment.

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Fruit for Special Palates

WINTER CHERRY. By Keith West. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1944. 217 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by EMILY HAHN

IN this imaginative little story of China's T'ang Dynasty, Mr. West has contributed another volume to this civilization's list of historical novels. I suppose it would come under the same category in a book-shop, as "Forever Amber," which is a staggering thought. "Winter Cherry," the heroine, is many centuries older than Amber St. Clair. But though she seems to me far more convincing and vital than Miss Winsor's Amber, and though Mr. West's scholarship goes deeper and spreads out far more widely than does Miss Winsor's, who seems to measure her reference-books by weight rather than quality, Amber will remain the season's darling among our readers. "Winter Cherry" is a fruit for special palates. She is a fancy born of a mind steeped in China's history, with all the attendant legends that accompany one's thoughts of the T'ang Dynasty.

Most people have heard of Li Po, the poet. Even those who do not recognize his poems in popular translation will remember, at least, that he was the one who drank so much, and who took liberties at Court. Many people, also, know the name of Yang Kwei-fei, favorite of the Emperor. "Ming Huang loved Kwei-fei's breasts." The Emperor loved this woman so much that he neglected his court and country, and spent all his time among the palace girls. He granted favors to all the Yang family, raising them in power and wealth until the other nobles muttered and planned a revolution. The poet Li Tai Po lived in the palace grounds, observing this deterioration but cynically ignoring it. On demand, he wrote poems in praise of the Emperor's rule, or sang in obedient enthusiasm of Yang Kwei-fei's beauty.

With a sound knowledge of the Chinese classics and with some years' experience in Western China, Keith West has woven a little story through the account of Yang Kwei-fei's last days, when the Emperor was overthrown and his own soldiers insisted upon the woman's death. Winter Cherry is one of the Emperor's thousand concubines, living within the palace enclosure and longing for home, which is a farm on Ma Wei slope not far from Chang-an. She is befriended by Han Im, one of the palace eunuchs who reminds her of her father, and by the poet Li Po. After she has spent a night with the Emperor, in revulsion against his age and his attitude, she runs away. Han Im and Li Po pitying her, suddenly give in to their own growing distaste for court life and accompany her in her flight. A banquet of poets and singsong girls, the debacle at court, the flight of the Emperor and his favorite, are all seen through their relations with this young girl. It is at her father's farm that Kwei-fei meets her death and the Emperor learns to face his desolate future. Winter Cherry's fate is settled here, too.

My own scholarship is far below the level of Mr. West's, so I can only quote Helena Kuo when she dares to criticize certain of his atmospheric items. She says that Mr. West anticipates by several centuries when he sends the Emperor's concubines in to their sovereign's chamber naked, wrapped in swansdown quilts, carried in the arms of eunuchs. This custom was unknown to the T'ang Dynasty, she says. But I agree with enthusiasm when she criticizes his choice of names for some of his characters; they are not true Chinese names and in some cases bear no relation whatever to the Chinese sounds with which we are familiar.

These faults, however, are not important. The important thing about

Keith West

a book of this kind is that it should be convincing in atmosphere; that it should either evoke its own fragrance, or call to mind the flavor of a familiar country. For me "Winter Cherry" did both. The men and women remind me of the Chinese I have known, and though there is added to the familiarity a new flavor, or odor, clinging to the antiquity of the story, that is all pure gain for me, the reader, and a triumph for any writer. "Winter Cherry" is not a timely book; it is a delightful one.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

ESTATES AND THEIR OWNERS

In many books there are wealthy landowners who have given names to their estates. Twenty such places are listed in the column on the left below. Can you match them up with the names of their owners in the column on the right? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. The answers are on page 23.

1. Blandings Castle.	( ) Anthony Adverse.
2. Bleak House.	( ) Jerry Ammidon.
3. The Crossways.	( ) Archibald Carlyle.
4. East Lynne.	( ) Squire Cass.
5. Fairoaks.	( ) Fitzwilliam Darcy.
6. Gaunt House.	( ) Maxim de Winter.
7. Haddon Hall.	( ) Lord Emsworth.
8. Highercoombe.	( ) Frederick Fairlie.
9. Jalna.	( ) Mr. Heathcliff.
10. Java Head.	( ) John Jarndyce.
11. Limmeridge House.	( ) Diana Merion.
12. Manderly.	( ) Arthur Pendennis.
13. Northanger Abbey.	( ) Edward Rochester.
14. Pemberley House.	( ) Bartholomew Sholto.
15. Pondicherry Lodge.	( ) Lord Steyne.
16. The Red House.	( ) Aubrey Tanqueray.
17. Silver Ho!	( ) General Tilney.
18. Thornfield Manor.	( ) Sir George Vernon.
19. Twelveoaks.	( ) Renny Whiteoaks.
20. Wuthering Heights.	( ) Ashley Wilkes.

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A TRAINING PROGRAM FOR PEACE

WHEN we hear the words "retooling" or "reconversion" we think of giant levers and wheels and pulleys—a sort of fairyland in steel of assembly belts and swinging cranes, moving out one set of machinery and moving in another. It is expected to give birth, preferably with no labor pains, to a bouncing post-war economy.

But there is another although less tangible problem of reconversion—psychological reconversion. It is fully as important as the reconversion of machines but is given little or no attention because it cannot be easily translated into specific terms of jobs or any of the other yardsticks by which a healthy nation is measured. It involves, in short, the ability of the American people to make the necessary change-over from war to peace in their attitudes, avoiding a dangerous disillusion even though the form or the fruits of victory may not be precisely as expected. This war can only be won with any finality in the years after it is technically over; and only a robust and continuing sense of progressive purpose can lead us in that direction.

But we have written many times on this page about the danger of this general type of disillusion. What we are concerned with here is disillusion as it affects the returning soldier. We are concerned with his own need for psychological reconversion, especially as it may help to guard against the most dangerous disillusion of all—one growing out of an abrupt transition from a life of organized action based on plan and purpose to a life of unorganized action surrounded by confusion and little apparent purpose. Apart from the intricate problem of emotional adjustment to family and community life—a problem which in itself would seem to require a training program for peace no less conscientious than a training program for war—apart from this is the problem for the returning soldier of standing fast against what may be some of the most powerful pressure campaigns to gain his support in American history. Attempts will be made to appropriate and exploit his understandable resentment of a civilian world where sacrifices seem to have been computed in terms of gasoline rationing or choice cuts of beef, and not in terms of battlefields made soft with blood.

The problem is not new. George Washington's opposition to the Order of the Cincinnati grew out of his feeling that after a war there ought be no distinctions between the civilian and the veteran. According to Thomas Jefferson, Washington was ready to concede the purity of the motives giving birth to the veterans' movement, but felt it had become "necessary to annihilate it absolutely." Washington's position, wrote Jefferson, "met an opposition which was observed to cloud his face with an anxiety that the most distressful scenes of the war had scarcely ever produced." In the end, since a number of French officers had already been invited to accept honorary membership before Washington's antagonism to the new organization became known, and since it would have been embarrassing to withdraw the invitations, the plans for the Order of the Cincinnati went through, but only with drastic modifications which stripped it of any of the real power that seemed intended for it in its original form.

Jefferson's own position was summarized in a letter to De Meusnier, the French historian. He made two principal points:

> 1. [The organization] will keep the officers formed into a body; will continue a distinction between the civil and the military, which it would be for the good of the whole to obliterate as soon as possible. . . . For when men meet together, they will make business if they have none; they will collate their grievances, some real, some imaginary, all highly painted; they will communicate to each the sparks of discontent; and these may engender a flame which will consume their particular, as well as general happiness.
>
> 2. The charitable part of this institution is still more likely to do mischief, as it perpetuates the dangers apprehended in the preceding clause. For here is a fund provided of permanent existence. To whom will it belong? To the descendants of American officers of a certain description. These descendants, then, will form a body . . . to continue meetings and perhaps in some moment, when the political eye shall be slumbering, or the firmness of their fellow citizens relaxed, to replace the insignia of the order and revive all its pretensions.

These passages are cited, not by way of invoking the names of Washington and Jefferson against the American Legion or any responsible and legitimate new veterans' organization, for the Order of the Cincinnati was restricted to officers while the present organizations are composed of the rank and file; these passages are cited because they make emphatically and dramatically clear the danger of perpetuating any distinctions after the war between soldier and civilian. And they are especially timely as they may serve as a warning against mixing up veterans' movements with politics or high-pressure activities.

Yet this, if we read the signs correctly, is what seems to be in the wind. Already there is a good deal of anticipatory chop-licking by a number of power-climbers who are more interested in what they can get out of the veteran than in what they can get for him. Either way, the jockeying and maneuvering have begun for what some politicians expect will be the largest and juiciest single political melon in the nation's history. Nor should it take any particular gift of prophecy to predict that there will be something of a competition among the manipulators who will attempt to vie for the veteran's favor by appealing to his resentments, his disappointments, and his fears, rather than to his sense of balance.

Even now, many fighting men hold exaggerated and misleading ideas about conditions on the home front—ideas which many of our newspapers, unfortunately, seem to have done more to create than correct. Only last Saturday, Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson told of his hope that many of the mistaken notions that have gained currency among servicemen might be set right. Mr. Stimson, according to *The New York Times*, said that,

> returning soldiers must be made to realize that this country is not made up entirely of strikers and exploiters. The discharged servicemen and his return to civilian life without bitterness are among the primary concerns of the War Department.

There need be no fear that the problem has not been officially recognized. We trust that recognition will be followed at the proper time by a full-scale training program for peace, with all that that implies. The Army is equipped to carry through a job of this scope and magnitude; what it has done already in its educational and special services indicates that, if given the chance by the American people—for popular support will be necessary for such a program—it can address itself effectively to the broad problems of psychological reconversion for peace.

N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Mr. Knopf Raises Some Questions

SIR: In your issue for November 11 there appeared an editorial by Henry Seidel Canby headed "History by Innuendo." This referred to Charles A. and Mary R. Beard's "Basic History of the United States." Opposite this editorial you published a letter by one Edmund Fuller devoted to an attack on this book and its distributors. In this letter Mr. Fuller displayed such gross ignorance of how book publishing operates that I can only express amazement that *The Saturday Review of Literature* would have printed it. But this amazement becomes much less after reading in your issue of December 2 Lewis Mumford's letter, "Mr. Beard and His Basic History."

Now, Henry Seidel Canby is an editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature,* and has been for many years.

He is also Chairman of the Editorial Board of the Book-of-the-Month Club and has occupied that position since the club was founded many years ago.

In June, 1939, the Book-of-the-Month Club's selection was "America in Midpassage," by Charles A. and Mary R. Beard. (Several years earlier the Book-of-the-Month Club had sent its members the Beards' "The Rise of American Civilization," but that was before "early in the thirties" when, Lewis Mumford writes, "Beard came forward as an advocate of national isolation.")

For its September-October, 1944, Dividend the Book-of-the-Month Club sent its members "The Basic History of the United States," by Charles A. and Mary R. Beard. (Dividends are chosen by the Club's management, not by its Editorial Board.)

Now this letter by Mumford states of Charles A. Beard that "he has become a passive—no, active—abetter of tyranny, sadism, and human defilement," that his, Beard's, "method of squaring his position with fact is a simple but dastardly one: he conceals the evidence that proves him wrong, and uses his good reputation, to cover up this ultimate dishonesty." And Beard, continues Mumford, is guilty of "a corruption comparable to that which placed a novelist of Knut Hamsun's dimensions on the side of the Nazis."

Charles Beard needs no defense from me, and I do not propose to attempt one. Nor do I deny Mr. Mumford the right to his opinions and the right to express them where and when he will and can. But I do protest the right of Henry Canby as editor of the Book-of-the-Month Club to play Dr. Jekyll and as an editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature* to play Mr. Hyde. Has he as associate editor of the one confessed the evil he must believe he has committed in performing his functions as Chairman of the editorial board of the other? Can he in decency run with the hares and

hunt with the hounds? Can he, on the other hand, help secure the widest reading (and before "The Rise of American Civilization" the Beards were read by the general public hardly at all) for the works of "an active abetter of tyranny, sadism, and human defilement"; one guilty of that "ultimate dishonesty" and of a "corruption," and then, on the other, aid and abet a savage denunciation of his opposite—and highly successful efforts?

On which side does he stand? Readers everywhere have a right to know.

And what about the publishing house of Macmillan, for so long Beard's publishers—though not, for a reason given below, of the "Basic History"? Have they, too, been abetting "tyranny, sadism, and human defilement"? And Harry Scherman, President of the Book-of-the-Month Club, believed all these years to be an ardent interventionist, anxious, even in 1940, to save America by aiding the Allies? And Marshall Field, who when he decided recently to enter the field of book publishing, hired to advise him Freeman Lewis, the very man who brought to the Beards the idea for the "Basic History" and commissioned them to write it for the Home Library, a series of popular-priced books then published under his direction by a subsidiary of Doubleday, Doran.

What is this but witch-hunting 1944 model? One thinks back to the days of another war, to the editorial printed in *The New York Times* to celebrate Beard's resignation from the faculty of Columbia University, to the attack of Stuart Sherman on Theodore Dreiser.

One would suppose that even a selfish regard for the opinion of decent men and women (who might at any time come into the possession of the facts I have set forth above) would have prevented *The Saturday Review of Literature* from publishing Mumford's letter without printing with it some explanation from its associates and other friends of how they had been so effectively and for so long taken in by one who is now "behaving like a desperate gambler, pyramiding his errors in order to conceal his initial mistake" and who "has sunk so deeply in error" that it is useless to hope he "will voluntarily repent his sins."

Whose sins? Does Canby agree or disagree with Mumford? If he agrees with him, how can he justify aiding and abetting the wide circulation of Beard's books? If he disagrees with Mumford, how can he remain silent while the magazine with which he has been so long and so intimately associated, prints a letter that gives the lie over and over again to what everyone who knows Charles Beard at all, knows to be the truth?

ALFRED A. KNOPF.

New York, N. Y.

Mr. Canby Replies

The Beards's "Rise of American Civilization" was selected some years ago by the Judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club, and I admired and still admire that work very much indeed. When their "Basic History of the United States" was submitted to our committee, it was not selected. I personally do not remember knowing that it had been later chosen by the management as a book dividend until a copy reached me. As Mr. Knopf states in his letter, the Board of Judges has no jurisdiction over the book dividends of the Club which are sent out with a different purpose from the books selected by us. I repeat that my chief objection to this book is to be found in eight or ten pages toward its close.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

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TRADE Winds

ONE OF THE MOST exciting and challenging developments in the publishing industry in many years is the newly formed Labor Book Club, a non-profit enterprise that will begin to function early in 1945 under the sponsorship of the United Automobile Workers and professional guidance of Reynal and Hitchcock. The U.A.W. is not only the most powerful unit of the C.I.O.; it is also the most aggressive in developing the cultural background of its enormous membership. Under the prodding of its president, R. J. Thomas, the U.A.W. now devotes one per cent of its revenues to purely educational projects. This fund financed the experimental Union Book Store that was opened a year ago in Detroit, and that prospered immediately. This fund will also launch the Labor Book Club, with a nation-wide drive for members, first through the U.A.W., later probably through affiliated unions and the people at large.

The new club's tentative plan is to offer six books a year for a total payment of five dollars. They will not necessarily be new books, or even profound ones. The object is to provide entertainment first, guidance second; to initiate millions into the infinite pleasure of reading genuine literature. Novelists like Steinbeck, Hersey, Maltz, and Howard Fast undoubtedly will dominate the early lists; authoritative books on national and international affairs will come later. The club is unlikely to encounter many difficulties in persuading publishers and authors to grant rights on any books that may be chosen. It takes no particular partiality for labor unions in general, or the C.I.O. in particular, to recognize the potential power of a club of this kind to increase the overall distribution of books in America to an almost unlimited extent. Hidebound reactionaries will vie with really progressive publishers to place titles on the Labor Book Club's list.

For his invaluable assistance in bringing the new club into being, as well as his discovery of Lillian Smith's outstanding novel, "Strange Fruit," Frank Taylor, youthful, nervous, astute vice-president of Reynal and Hitchcock, is hereby declared Trade Winds' Man of the Year in the world of books for 1944. . . .

HERE IS THE POEM by Cleveland's poet laureate that I promised you last week:

ON BEING OF SOUND MIND
By J. S. NEWMAN

One day, acknowledging my years.
My duty and my fate,
I wished to draw a simple will
Bequeathing my estate.

I owned a share of worthless stock,
A nineteen-thirty Nash,
A bond that had defaulted, and
Some eighty cents in cash.

I went me to a legal firm . . .
McGregor, Cohn and Riley;
Their desks were rare mahogany,
Their carpets rich and piley.

I said, "I wish to draw a will
So simple *I* can read it. . . .
"All that I own I leave my wife
And herewith give and deed it."

The partners three they cornered me . . .
Their breaths were sharp and hot;
They screamed one shrill and fearful scream,
One unbelieving *"What!!!"*

I sank me in a shrivelled heap
And speaking from my knees,
"You win," I cried, "it's my mistake . . .
Write anything you please!"

They penned a bulky manuscript
Of fifty legal pages
From which I gleaned a doubtful glean
In slow and painful stages.

The clauses were more numerous
Than lettuce seeds at Burpee's . . .
Two hundred-three conveyances
And sixty-six "per stirpes."

"Whereas-es" dotted every line
As also did the "wherefores"
I counted ninety "Be it knowns"
And twenty-three "Now therefores."

I sold my Nash to pay the fee,
(For claims at death are risky),
And then to celebrate I spent
My eighty cents for whisky.

For now my wife was authorized
In strictly legal jargon
To sell, convey, transfer, assign,
Deliver, give or bargain,

To execute, to leave, provide,
Devise, bestow or proffer,
To deal in, settle or release
To authorize or offer,

To lease, invest or re-invest,
To burn, bequeath or venture
One share of worthless watered stock
And one defunct debenture! . . .

ELIZA MARQUESS, alert executive in one of the branches of the New York Public Library, summed up a certain highly-publicized novel for a patron: "Not since Manhattan Island was sold for twenty-four dollars has so much dirt been available for so little money." A San Francisco savant refers to the same tome as "the poor man's Fanny Hill." The publishers, meanwhile, wish they could print and bind another half million copies before New Year's. . . . Whittlesey House will follow its successful "Victor Herbert Songs for Children" with a similar volume on Gilbert and Sullivan. Trade Winds salaams the juvenile editor who came up with the idea for this intriguing series. . . . Dutton will publish an anthology of "The Best Sports Stories of 1944," and will award $500 to the author of the one that, in the opinion of the judges: Franklin P. Adams, Frank Graham, and John Chamberlain, is the finest of the lot. . . . Broadway's flourishing colony of columnists has been glamorized twice this month in engaging magazine pieces: by Louis Sobol in *Cosmopolitan* and Jessyca Russell in *Magazine Digest*. . . . Bobbs-Merrill has a novel by Tom Powers on its Spring list called "Virgin with Butterflies." "No wonder," says Dale Warren. . . .

SOBERING STATISTICS for pompous publishers: The War Production Board reports 1944 paper quotas of 77,644 tons for grocery and variety bags, 45,083 tons for books, and 20,250 tons for wallpaper. . . . Glenn Johnston is the new Sales Director of Pocket Books, Inc. Pete Howe's title is now "Vice-president in general charge of sales activities." . . . John O'Connor has arrived in New York to assume the presidency of Grosset and Dunlap. Ed Ketcham has been elected a vice-president of the same firm. . . . The perfect gift for a sophisticated friend is a copy of Margaret Case Harriman's "Take Them Up Tenderly" (Knopf). This is a collection of the author's most brilliant Profiles from *The New Yorker*. I doubt that "tender" is the adjective that comes most readily to the minds of her victims. . . .

THERE WILL BE FULL-SIZED R. H. Macy branches in Brooklyn and Jamaica after the war. Peg Byrnes, Macy's orchidaceous book buyer, is learning to ride a bicycle. . . . Jerry Ellison, formerly of *Reader's Digest* and *Collier's*, is master-minding a new coöperative magazine, with as many as two hundred writers sharing costs and profits. One of the lures is the tax angle, with

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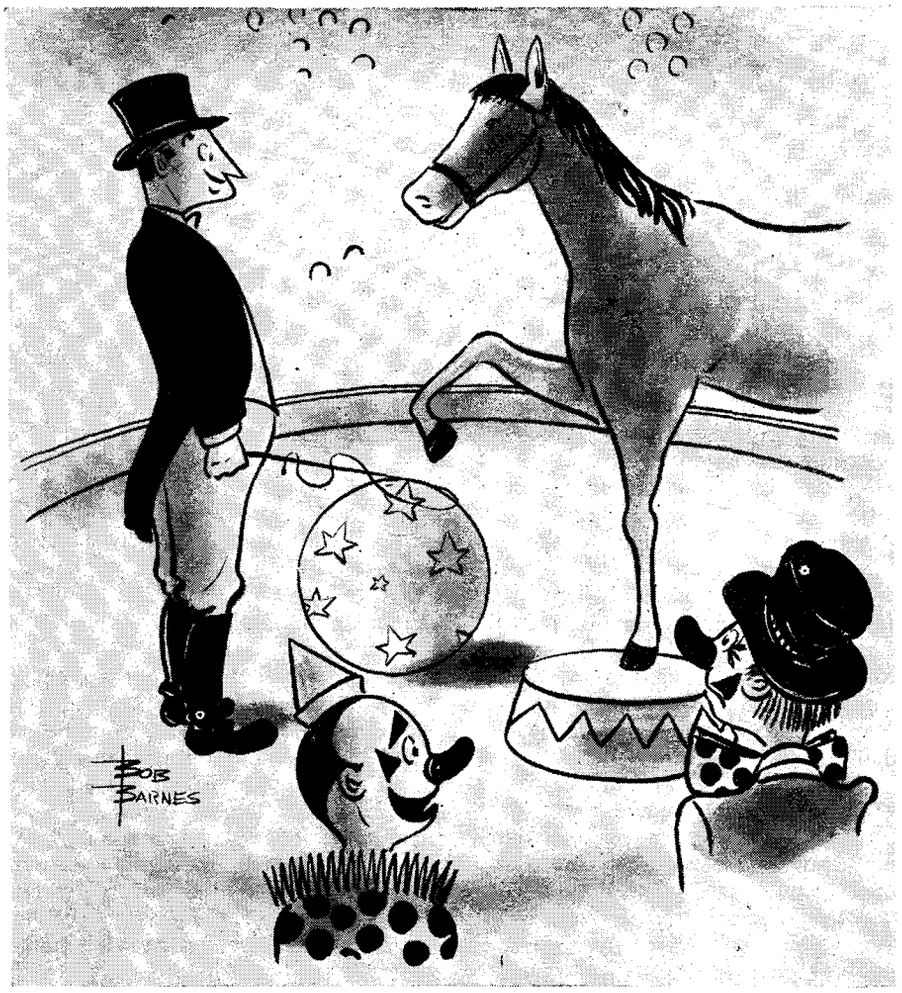

"Yeh, but if things get tough enough, he can eat *his* act."

highly paid authors listing their shares as capital gains instead of royalties. Several big names are interested. . . . "Information Please" will have a new sponsor when its present contract with Heinz expires in February. The only problem confronting Dan Golenpaul, owner of the show, is which offer he will accept. Socony has the inside track. The program, although Oscar Levant's irreverent jibes are definitely missed, still outclasses all other quiz routines. "Information Please" and Walter Winchell probably attract more listeners from the literary world than all other radio programs put together. . . . And have you ever listened to one of Mayor La Guardia's folksy and ingratiating talks about goings-on in our town on Sundays at one? If you haven't, you are missing one of the great radio personalities of the day. Try it next Sunday! . . .

BOB CONSIDINE tells the story about a broken-down prize-fighter who appeared in one of the preliminaries of a fourth-rate club one Christmas Eve. It was a miserable night, with a near blizzard sweeping the city and holding the attendance down to a mere handful. The fighter took a terrible beating. His nose was broken, his shoulder dislocated, and one eye badly bruised by the final blow that spelled finis to the match. When he came to in his dressing room, his manager told him sadly that his share of the purse was only ten dollars. Five dollars of this, of course, went to the manager and another two dollars to his seconds. A charitable doctor agreed to patch him up for two dollars more. That left him with exactly one dollar to show for his night's agonizing work. As he staggered to the door, he found eight faithful fans awaiting his appearance. He herded them all into the lunchwagon across the way and ordered nine hamburgers. "That'll be ninety cents," said the chef behind the counter. The old pug fished out his last dollar and flipped it onto the counter with a magnificent gesture. The church bells were just beginning to peal as he reached the door of the diner. He tightened his flimsy coat about the neck and, with a wave of his hand to the waiter, called, "Keep the change." . . .

TRADE WINDS hopes that you will have an infinitely happier Christmas eve than the prize-fighter's, that Frank Sullivan finally has been able to find a rhyme for Peggy Pulitzer in his annual poem for the *New Yorker*, and that a forgiving Brooklyn constituency will join everybody in caroling a joyous Noel, Noel. BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

Every time ROBERT ST. JOHN slumps into one of our editorial office chairs, I get to thinking of his beard. When it comes to hirsute valances, his is as poignant, as tightly knit as the foreign correspondent's cable to his home sheet. Hemingway's beard is snarled like scrub oak; Monty Woolley's is irrevocably white, but ST. JOHN's has that tawny, leonine rigidity, that patch of ginger, that makes me wonder why famous men's barbers are not known. You can get a facsimile of this remarkable beard by sending in the jacket backflap of his latest novel, IT'S ALWAYS TOMORROW.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

I'VE been sneaking a look at the galleys of MORTON THOMPSON'S JOE, THE WOUNDED TENNIS PLAYER, just to relax the tension, and I came across the following story, and I quote:

"I was working in N. Y. on the *Journal*, and mailing my column back to the Hollywood *Citizen-News*, where it had been appearing for some years. Because work was light on my *Journal* shift I once managed to get three whole weeks ahead. Nothing like it had ever happened before. The most I had ever been ahead before was two days. When I got one week ahead the managing editor back in California was dazed. He immediately began sending me a daily letter, encouraging me to keep it up and telling me his personal worries, and saying almost hysterically how I, at least, had taken one big problem off his shoulders. Then I got two weeks ahead. This was too much. Abruptly he became suspicious. He became convinced I had someone ghosting for me. His letters began to contain a certain coolness.

" 'Don't tell me,' he wrote, 'that you aren't running all over New York and drunk all the time, and too busy to do that many columns ahead, because I know you. You've been my cross for years. And tell whoever it is that's writing them for you to write subheads on them.'

"I had upset his notions about me; he was bewildered, and he clung to his notions stubbornly, and it made him bitter; managing editors have pigeonholes instead of armpits.

"But when I got three whole weeks ahead . . ."

WELL, there's more to the story, but no more room. If you want to know about the newspaperman who wept orange tears, read this space next week.

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Seeing Things

HOME FIRES BURNING

THE theater has not always bent its knees before "Mammy" as Mr. Jolson used to do, or as John van Druten has done enchantingly in "I Remember Mama."* In days less troubled, when the individual was the center of his universe, and men felt their chief obligation to society was to "express themselves," mothers had a hard time of it. At least before the brighter audiences who took their Freud as seriously as their grandparents had taken their phrenology. Whatever else he may have been, Freud was not mother's best friend. To dreams he may have given a new reality, but of mother-love he made a nightmare.

Among the sophisticates Eugene O'Neill was a gallant exception. On the subject of mothers he went even further than Tin Pan Alley. The Broadway songsmiths at their most diabetic moments of filial piety were careful to keep Mother a dear prisoner in the home—by the crib and near the sink. Mr. O'Neill was Mother's champion in realms celestial.

In "Strange Interlude," which Mr. Woollcott described as "the 'Abie's Irish Rose' of the Intelligentsia," Mr. O'Neill's much-courted Nina found time to say, "The mistake began when God was created in the male image. Of course, women would see Him that way, but men should have been gentlemen enough, remembering their own mothers, to make God a woman. . . . We should have imagined life as created in the birthpains of God the Mother."

Perhaps the most typical, certainly the most unforgettable, stage mother of the twenties was Mrs. Phelps in Sidney Howard's "The Silver Cord." She was a mother designed to make all men wish they had spent as little time with their mothers as did Macduff. She was the archtype of such American mothers as had not learned how to "have 'em, love 'em, and leave 'em be." So odious was her sweetness, so killing her kindness, that she persuaded theatergoers that Mother's Day should be celebrated on Hallowe'en.

As she was brilliantly played by Laura Hope Crews, Mrs. Phelps was not only a snake drowned in honey but the genitive case in skirts. She had merely to slide into her married son's bedroom, and coo, "It's only Mother," to have all sons and daughters-in-law out front reach for their Flit. If they wanted to exterminate her then, they could not hold back their applause when the play had reached its confrontation scene, and Mrs. Phelps's scientific daughter-in-law was saying, quite coolly to her face, "You belong to a type that is very common in this country, Mrs. Phelps—a type of self-centered, self-pitying, son-devouring tigress, with unmentionable proclivities on the side."

All this, as I say, was in quieter times when the illusion of peace was upon us, and the home, and all the simplicities of the heart and hearth, were suspect in Mother's fashion. It was at a time when such people as were "easy weepers" (to use Heywood Broun's phrase) were sneered at by those who knew it was fashionable not to weep at all.

IT was the decade of the mucker pose, when to be tough was to be enlightened, when debunking ranked next to baseball as a national sport, when Mr. Nathan was hilariously excoriating the "boobletariat," and when Mr. Mencken was pillorying without mercy but with infinite skill those in whose veins ran "the bilge of idealism." It was when Mr. Sherwood was deploring the fact that we had developed a literature that was only factual reporting "dedicated to the muse who wears a green eyeshade."

The tearing down was a healthy part of our growing up. There was incredibly much to tear down. Yet in retrospect much of the sophistication of those faraway days seems as bogus as was the sentimentality it assailed.

The emotional needs of wartime are very different from those of peace. When we are safe we can afford to mock security and to laugh at our susceptibilities. The horror and anguish of a world at war simplify our feelings, by granting them the concentration that only death and danger can. In such a world we are grateful for nobility rather than embarrassed by it, and sentiment fails to shame us since all of us feel it.

When the present is desperate and lonely, and the future uncertain, all of us turn back naturally to the radiant staples of our past. Although these are the times which try men's souls, they also are the days during which men follow their hearts back to those years when they were young and gay. Not merely for escape. Also for the reminders these distant days can give us of an emotional and domestic security we all hope will come again.

John Van Druten

In homes disrupted and among families no longer complete, no less than to men far away in a universe where homesickness is spread everywhere as history's greatest epidemic, home seems sweet home indeed.

This is where "I Remember Mama" comes into the picture, not merely as a charming and irresistible script about family life, but as a war play and one of the most satisfying of the lot. Although it never mentions the war, it is a war play, if for no other reason than that it took a war to make it tolerable and us grateful.

With the special sensitivity and skill which are his, Mr. van Druten has welded into a dramatization the short stories that Kathryn Forbes wrote in "Mama's Bank Account" about the trials of a Norwegian family in San Francisco. Although I never happen to have read Miss Forbes's stories, one of the charms of Mr. van Druten's play is that he makes all of us out front feel as if we were at home hearing an inspired reading of them.

Of course, this is not true. Both as a director and a playwright Mr. van Druten is far too adroit a craftsman not to have shaped, heightened, and illustrated the original stories so as to fit the theater's needs. Of this one may be certain. But he employs a technique as simple as his subject matter. As innocent, too. Because he makes the stage the righter as medium for the innocent materials with which he deals by restoring to it the forgotten innocence of a theater frankly devoted to "let's pretend."

The classic comment on the everyday peepshow theater, in which the

*"I Remember Mama," a play by John van Druten. Adapted from Kathryn Forbes's "Mama's Bank Account." Presented by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein. 2nd. at the Music Box. New York.

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curtain is supposed to be the fourth wall removed and stage settings are no more than scrupulous duplications of reality, was Arthur Hopkins's criticism of the exact reproduction of a Child's restaurant Belasco employed in "The Governor's Lady." Said Mr. Hopkins, "The only remarkable thing about it is that it is *not* real."

In "I Remember Mama" Mr. van Druten turns his back on such humdrum make-believe. He employs not only a narrator in the person of Mama's literary daughter but a stage divided into three sections and fronted with gray curtains. Again and again his young narrator is "discovered" reading aloud from the book she is writing. She does not remain outside the narrative, however. "It was spring," she will be saying, "and Mama was worried, and Uncle Chris was. . . ." Whereupon, without more ado, the curtains part on the central scene, or one of the two side stages revolves, and this daughter wanders into the story.

If this is the kind of make-believe that, in a more skeletonized form, so memorable a production as "Our Town" was made from, it is also the kind of make-believe in which the Idler Club at Radcliffe used to indulge in my youth with results that even in the name of charity must be described as disturbing. In this case, as in all others, the form is no better than the way it happens to have been employed. In "I Remember Mama" one diets off bread and milk but the bread is served on Spode and the milk in Steuben glasses. The touch is as unfailingly professional as the theme is innocent. Even while full and happy damage is being done to the heart, and sleeping childhood values are being awakened, one is aware that technically windows have been thrown open and that breezes, fresh as the timeless hills from which they come, have been admitted to the theater. As a production "I Remember Mama" has about it that same welcome sense of liberation from the confinements of realism which once upon a time granted enchantment to Copeau's work on the bare stage of the Vieux Colombier in Paris.

Mama, both as written and as played by Mady Christians, is the bulwark of the play's hardpressed Norwegian family. Her goodness is devastating—and acceptable—because it admits no heroics and is devoid of selfpity. She is a realist accepting her life on its own sacrificial terms. She knows the value both of doing her work and of holding her tongue. She has fine flashes of ingenuity, as when she finds a way of reaching her sick child's bed in a hospital ward in spite of the contrary orders of the authorities. She has all the private virtues which can be lost sight of in the midst of public causes. She is the more comforting because, in a world gone confusingly global, we find her thinking only in terms of her own family. She reaffirms the forgotten and once despised family focus. And so is the more welcome as the average man's symbol of security.

The incandescence of Mama's spirit shines through Miss Christian's playing. Her taste is equal to Mr. van Druten's. She, too, is resolute in her avoidance of sentimentality. Her performance conveys, and is based upon, the kind of emotion we were once apt to look upon askance, not because it was an emotion but because as an emotion it was at once so simple and so pure.

Although "I Remember Mama" sags in its overlong concluding scenes after the death of Uncle Chris, perhaps this is inevitable. Uncle Chris as acted by Oscar Homolka is the kind of vinegar-sweet eccentric of a character that one hates to have death claim. He is a good old bellowing, wenching, swearing drunk, so positive in his shortcomings and virtues, that any play would be the poorer for losing him.

All in all, the evening provides the sheerest, tenderest joy of the new season. The delighted gratitude with which "I Remember Mama" has been greeted is not only proof of our changed emotional needs in wartime but perhaps an encouraging indication of how as a people we have matured to the point of having a proper appreciation of the simple.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

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Prints and Paintings

MASTERPIECES OF PAINTING from the National Gallery of Art. Edited by Huntington Cairns and John Walker. National Gallery of Art; distributed by Random House, New York. 1944. 182 *pp.* $6.50.

A GALLERY OF GREAT PAINTINGS. Edited by Aimée Crane. New York: Crown Publishers. 1944. 100 *pp.* $5.95.

Reviewed by THOMAS CRAVEN

WITHIN recent years color processes have been so developed as to make it possible, with the exercise of proper patience and intelligence, to reproduce masterpieces of art in prints which convey in extraordinary degree the qualities of the original paintings. There are, of course, objectors to the color-print and the objectors fall into two classes: critics who, because absolute perfection is unattainable in the print, refuse to accept a valid approximation; and those collectors who hoard works of art as symbols of vanity and discourage the popular dissemination of pictures in the form of reproductions. The best evidence of the usefulness of the color-print is to be found among the artists themselves. I know many artists of established eminence—men extremely sensitive to color and tonalities—whose walls are lined with reproductions. Like all of us they would prefer the original paintings, but in default of originals, they are quite content with substitutes containing a large percentage of the virtues of inaccessible masterpieces. It is more than probable that we shall soon have the pleasure of examining great paintings intimately and at leisure by means of television, but until that time, pictures being what they are and museums being where they are, our appreciation of art, for the most part, will depend on books of reproductions. The reproductions, however, must be of the highest quality—even the second best will not suffice.

"Masterpieces of Painting," edited by Huntington Cairns, a man of many talents, and John Walker, of the staff of the National Gallery at Washington, is a soundly conceived and beautifully executed speciment of book-making. The volume contains eighty-five reproductions in color of paintings in the National Gallery, together with textual comments by all sorts of writers and notes on the dates and provenance of each picture. The editors knew precisely what they wanted and how to obtain it. It is a pleasure to see a project involving so many difficulties carried out so handsomely.

The editors had two projects in view: to represent the variety and scope of the great paintings of the National Gallery, and to illustrate the significant developments of occidental painting from the thirteenth century down to Cézanne. On the first count, the book is unqualifiedly successful; on the second, it falls short of its goal because of the limitations of the Gallery in certain schools. For example, there are conspicuous omissions among the artists of the High Renaissance in Italy; the Spaniards are meagerly represented as are the modern French, and the Americans are virtually nonexistent. But apart from the limitations imposed by the Gallery, the book is above reproach, and gives a fairly complete idea of the main tendencies of Western painting.

The comments on the masterpieces are appreciative rather than critical, and for the layman are far more illuminating than the technical jargon employed by paint-worms and specialists. Among the authors quoted with reference to the pictures are Boccaccio, Vasari, Machiavelli, Hazlitt, Taine, Baudelaire, Henry James, and D. H. Lawrence. But the crowning distinction of the volume lies in the color-printing. The plates were proofed repeatedly, compared with the original paintings, and corrected to produce prints as perfect as modern processes permit. Occasionally the color is too fresh and intense, a fault of the process which throws a sheen over

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the paper, but the tones and values are almost unfailingly clean, clear, and accurate. Here is color-printing that conforms to the most exacting standards, a work unhesitatingly to be recommended—worth the money at any price, and the price is low.

By comparison, "A Gallery of Great Paintings" is a shabby job of printing and manufacturing. In the first place, the title is misleading. By no conceivable stretch of the imagination could more than a third of the hundred alleged "masterpieces in full color," as the jacket announces, he called great paintings. The assemblage is a miscellaneous batch of pictures made from such plates as were available to the publisher, pictures ranging from the early Italians down to the modern French and Americans. Some of the selections are acknowledged masterpieces; some are stunt pictures such as *The Blue Boy* and Tchelitchew's *Orchid Girl;* many are second-rate examples of the work of outstanding artists; and far too many are no better than ordinary pictures by ordinary painters. But granted that all of them were great paintings, and granted the good sense of Peyton Boswell's foreword in which the collection is presented merely as an "exhibition," the fact remains that the book is a shabby job. The reproductions, save those borrowed from other books, are of a low grade: off register, false in color, over-heated or under-exposed, atrociously out of value, and on the whole, of violence to the originals.

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THE "PASTRY" PERIOD IN LITERATURE

(*Continued from page 7*)

flights and pursuits, riots, defiance of state councils, and happy osculatory endings, with the American rightfully the winner in love and war. Such ingredients permitted any moderately skilful novelist in the early 1900's to concoct an opiate for the reader who was willing to close his ears to the shouts and alarums of the society to which he belonged.

A Baedeker to the lands of Graustarkian fiction would mention a few novels which, because they are in some way exceptional or because they are variants from the type, might attract the curious reader. There is, for example, Louis Joseph Vance's "The Romance of Terence O'Rourke" (1904), made up of three novelettes which round out the adventures of a hotheaded, mildly philandering Irish soldier of fortune; the first of these invokes reality in a way which the explorer will wish to discover for himself. A formal and somewhat self-impressed trilogy is John Reed Scott's "The Colonel of the Red Huzzars" (1905), "The Princess Dehra" (1908), and (there is an extra significance in this title) "The Last Try" (1912); on the other hand, Harold MacGrath's little "The Princess Elopes" (1905), almost spoofing itself and its tribe, has the gayety of sunlight on icicles. An Englishman who rivalled Hope and after him wrote the best novels of the kind was Percy Brebner, author of "The Princess Maritza" (1906), and "Vayenne" (1907), but the latter, good as it is, shows in its use of castle, cathedral, dwarf, and mistress kept *sub rosa* too great an indebtedness to Scott and Hugo and Ainsworth. Crisp as a New Deal dollar bill is C. N. and A. M. Williamson's "The Princess Virginia" (1907), in which an emperor makes the mistake of offering morganatic marriage to a princess incognito. Almost unendurable pastiche, and the worst novel in the whole list, is William Tillinghast Eldridge's "Hilma" (1907). Though "Hilma" did not put an end to Graustarkian fiction it might very well have done so; certainly it was a warning that such banalities could not continue much longer.

After 1907 the vogue declined sharply. George Barr McCutcheon still carried on with the sage of Graustark, adding to his original success five sequels, the last of which was published as recently as 1927, and in 1925 he could gain a hearing through *The Bookman* for the manner in which Christmas was celebrated in Grau-

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stark. But by 1910 the American public had pretty well lost its taste for such confections. George Ade's cathartic burlesque, "The Slim Princess" (1907) was partly responsible for the loss of appetite, but more active agents were the natural decline of any fad, the inability of authors to contrive ingenious changes in the standardized plot, Theodore Roosevelt's incarnation of the strenuous life, setting off a series of political novels contemporary with and presently superseding the Graustarkian ones, and Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle" (1906), which, hacking its way through inertia to the conscience of the nation, made any story of an imaginary kingdom by contrast altogether nerveless. Had the Graustarkian novel broken the bonds of formula, had it essayed innovations of plot or been bold enough to present ideas, even utopian ones, it might have lived longer, but the prescription, having worked once, was tried again and again with too little change. That it should have been effective for almost a decade throws a calcium light upon the exuberant and innocent generation which took delight in its pastry. Since exuberance and innocence are no longer in favor with a majority of our writers it is unlikely that the genre will be revived, although the success about a year ago of a moving picture which showed a visiting princess insisting upon marrying an American might challenge a hardy story-teller to undertake the resurrection of a type which once paid respectable dividends—if not dividends in respectability.

Every literary vogue imposes upon the historian of literature the responsibility of making an analysis which will reveal the social values which gave it life, and the significant consequences of its hour of authority. Here in Graustarkian fiction was a fad which no one need take too solemnly; it left behind it no novels of even the third class, and after the critic has noted their part in the postponement of developing realism he can pass on to make an estimate of their effect upon the American imagination. This, of course, cannot be stated with precision. When we have learned that over half a million of copies of "Graustark" have been sold we are still ignorant of how many people have read it and still more in the dark as to how they have reacted to its myth. Yet common sense tells us that it and the books of its kind expressed and bolstered middle class complacency. The tradition of American invincibility, the glorification of the man of action, the respect for material success, the almost complete absence of any hint of the urgencies and problems of the arts (a very few musical compositions are named, but that is all), the lack of liberalizing political ideas, the retention of the Victorian love ritual—all these items would confirm the happy bourgeois of the period in his conviction that this was a pretty good world, providing sufficient opportunities and rewards for all of his class. Mr. McCutcheon, more explicit than his colleagues, pictured the "Reds" in "Truxton King" (1909) as clumsy enemies of civilization and in "East of the Setting Sun" (1924) abhorred communism through his portrait of Michael Rodkin, who is both insane and criminal, and no other novelist of the school gave countenance to the social rebel. Furthermore, although these writers were only superficial observers of the European scene, they did unavoidably convey to their readers an impression of the decadence and quarrelsomeness of European nations, so that it is not hazardous to believe that thousands of Americans came through them to believe that Europeans were rather sad dogs, that we had best have as little to do with them as might be except in the matter of turning a dollar, but that if worst came to worst a small force of Americans could put an army of foreign goose-steppers through a meatgrinder. In thus contributing to our intellectual immaturity and disarmament before 1914 the Graustarkian novel labored more wryly than it knew.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Lord Emsworth. 2. John Jarndyce. 3. Diana Merion. 4. Archibald Carlyle. 5. Arthur Pendennis. 6. Lord Steyne. 7. Sir George Vernon. 8. Aubrey Tanqueray. 9. Renny Whiteoaks. 10. Jerry Ammidon. 11. Frederick Fairlie. 12. Maxim de Winter. 13. General Tilney. 14. Fitzwilliam Darcy. 15. Bartholomew Sholto. 16. Squire Cass. 17. Anthony Adverse. 18. Edward Rochester. 19. Ashley Wilkes. 20. Mr. Heathcliff.

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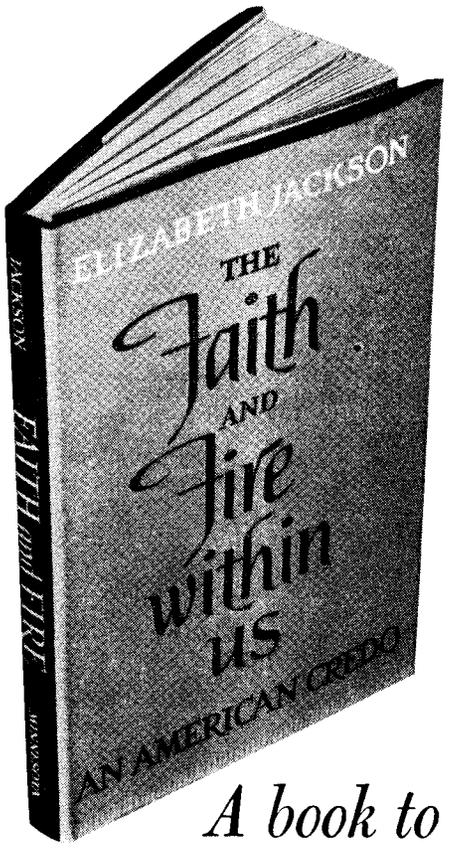

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The Phoenix Nest

I WISH to thank S. H. Sargent of Trinity Place, Philadelphia, for the following:

Mention of toy theaters, in your "Nest" of October 28, stirs memories of the happy 90's. A small stage such as you describe was made by Milton Bradley, of Springfield, Mass. It had two settings—a river scene and a street. The river was spanned by a practical bridge, over which by means of a grooved stick the various cardboard figures passed. What mattered it to the youthful stage manager if the elderly lady crossing the bridge with her dog was of approximately the same tonnage as the ship on the water below? Perhaps an inner voice whispered of even greater incongruities eventually to be met on life's larger stage.

I wonder if any of your readers recall early issues of *St. Nicholas*, say of the 1880's. Under the inspired editorship of Mary Mapes Dodge (who also contributed charming verse and fiction) it appealed to nearly every age. Louisa M. Alcott, Frank R. Stockton, and Edward Eggleston were among the many wellknown contributors. The delightful illustrations of Reginald Birch, particularly for "Little Lord Fauntleroy," were an important feature. The adventures of a young inventor and his boy chums in "Phaeton Rogers," by Rossiter Johnson, were original and amusing. Then there were many rhymes and jingles, such as—

There was a small servant called
Kate,
Who sat on the stairs very late.
When asked how she fared
She said she was scared,
But otherwise doing first rate.

Malcolm Douglas was the author of several nonsense poems equal to many of W. S. Gilbert's. I can recall only two stanzas of one:

A sprightly little lady riding in a
city car
Alighted at a music store and purchased a guitar,
And straightway made arrangements
to take lessons every day
From a callous-fingered Spaniard
who could beautifully play.

"I'm quite a favorite it seems among
the cats," said she;
"And every night a motley crew
come serenading me,
And I grieve to say their voices, although powerful and clear,
Are decidedly discordant to the
cultivated ear."

Memory fails to record what the good lady's cultural effort actually accomplished. Quite possibly the result may have been better than had the task been undertaken by one of our more "modern" composers, even on the (perhaps unlikely) assumption that it would have appealed to him.

Anyway, old *St. Nicholas* was a grand and glorious magazine.

It was indeed! Malcolm Douglas was excellent and so was John Bennett!

August Derleth and Donald Wandrei direct Arkham House, Publishers, at Sauk City, Wisconsin. Mr. Derleth writes me:

I cannot let Mr. Stone's rash statement re "fantastic" fiction pass unchallenged. Something in the way of definition is necessary, it seems to me. As a publisher of both horror and science-fiction, I look upon *fantasy* as it is used today either as a group name covering all fields of fantastic writing, or as light, almost whimsical writing—Carroll, Dunsany, Linklater, etc. (Incidentally, lovers of fantasy should not overlook Linklater's just published "The Wind on the Moon," Macmillan, or the new Fischer-Humphries anthology, "Pause to Wonder," Messner). If, however, Mr. Stone means science-fiction when he says that such stories "are as a rule of superior order so far as plot fabric and characterization are concerned, and in the vast majority of cases they are far better written," that is simply not a fact. It has nothing to do with opinion whatever, but the fact remains that, as an inveterate reader of both supernatural and science-fiction prose and poetry, I know that it is an understatement of fact to say that for every good s-f work there are ten to twenty excellent supernatural tales available. We are happy to number among our patrons both Mr. Stone and Lt. Shroyer, who might like to know that A. Langley Searles of New York City is also at work compiling an exhaustive bibliography of fantasy (all-inclusive), and that William H. Evans of Iowa is supplementing it with a bibliography of magazine stories. The Abramson books are Professor J. O. Bailey's "Pilgrims Through Space and Time," and H. P. Lovecraft's "Supernatural Horror in Literature."

Delayed pass, Cerf to Benét, Hazel Duncan of the General Printing Company of Chicago submits the following to Bennett and Bennett to me:

If any one is baffled by the German motto on the title page of "The Middle Kingdom," Christopher Morley's new book of verse, here is Morley's own paraphrase of that motto, written by him in a book inscribed for June Provines of Chicago.

The German motto reads:

Er minnet iemer deste baz
Swer von minnen etewaz
Hoeret singen oder lesen.
—Walter von der Vogelweide.

Christopher Morley's paraphrase, as written in "The Middle Kingdom" for June Provines, reads:

"Walter of the Birdfield said:
'Who hear something sung or read
Of sweet love and how it sped
Are the better lovers'—

Be it so! To love belongs
All the best of all the songs
Found between these covers."

And so—to sit up all night reading.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

PERSONALS

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The Crostics Club

TO continue the subject of suggestions received anent the DC set-up: Carl Czermak with an ingenious eye to business thinks that if the diagram is changed crossword puzzlers might pass it by without a try. Alvez Long, Elizabeth Wood, George Boissard, Sherwood Larned approve in general of things as they are. Mrs. Harold Frank wants a diagramless one occasionally. We took a vote on that subject a few years ago and the response, at least from those who wrote, was a vehement "No." If I were a DC puzzler I'd copy, or have copied by a younger member of the family, the DC each week in larger boxes and numbers to save eye and mental strain. As it is, what we literally crowd into the whole page allotted to us seems necessary. If anyone can present us with a *page* design to answer the objections raised I for one would welcome it.

We are indebted to George R. Berry, Cambridge, Mass., for the correction of a mistaken definition in No. 556: "I think *Anunnaki* and *Igigi* are not synonymous. In fact, Webster defines *Anunnaki* as *earth* spirits and *Igigi* as *heavenly* spirits. The same distinction is made by Jastrow, *The Religion of Babylonia and Assyria,* pg. 185. . . . I am aware of the second definition of *Igigi* given by Webster, but I do not think that justifies the conclusion that the two words are synonymous. . . ."

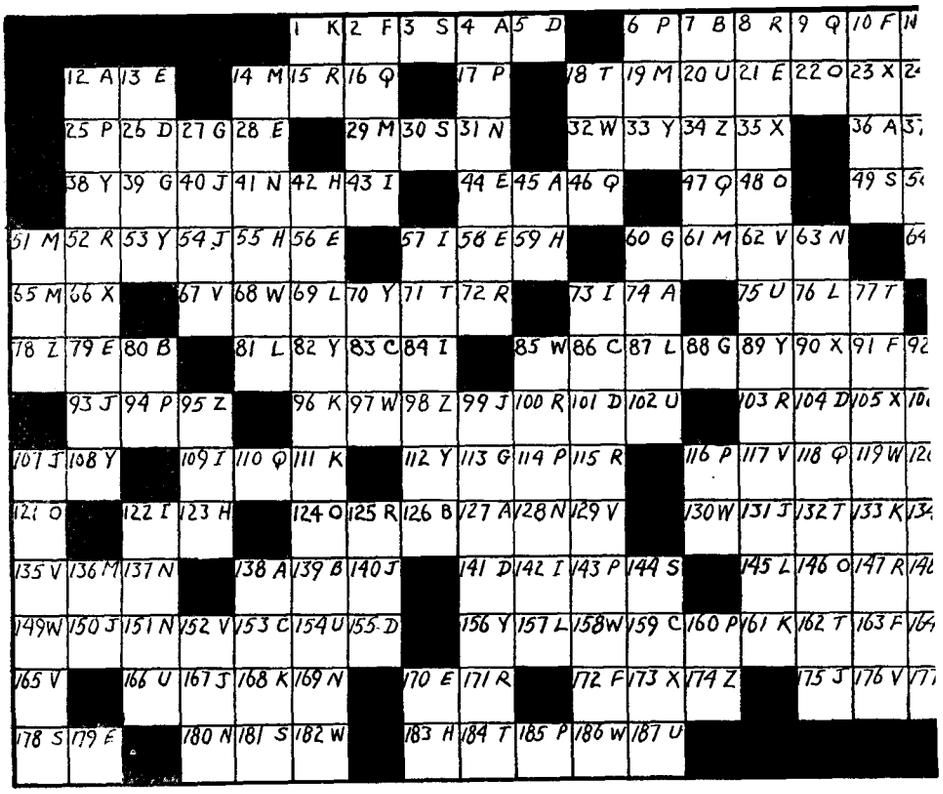
Speaking of the use of words, some time ago Mrs. Elinor Hopkinson called my attention to the fact that her artist husband Charles Hopkinson (see *Who's Who*) had never heard the word *sweeten* used in regard to painting. I used it as found in my WNI—in a desire not to give the word away by its too well-known meaning—as "in painting, to render soft or mellow, as line or tint."

Staff Sergeant John T. Lovett 3rd, a lawyer in the Judge Advocate's office, Fort Monmouth, N. J., has found DCs a "wonderful panacea against boredom" especially to relieve the long nights on guard against enemy air raids" and he has even turned to concocting them himself.

Lt. (JG) Robert D. Olson, USNR, via San Francisco, whose memories of Forbes Robertson were awakened by Elizabeth Underhill's allusion to his Shakespearean work, reminisces about other actors and plays even to confessing his own play now in the writing.

Our Professor Leyburn of Yale, while disliking publicity, will, I believe, not object to my sharing with you an item of interest to the *SRL;* namely, that while an exile from home for over a year as a Lend-Lease officer in South Africa, he received his *SRL* there so regularly that he was able to keep unbroken his record of having done all the DCs from No. 1 onward! Perhaps some of us wish that our local postoffices would emulate that record for delivery!

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 560

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 23 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. The first fruits of a benefice or church living (Eccl. Law).

B. English publisher who brought out "Everyman's Library," "Temple Classics," etc.

C. In respect to; concerning.

D. The "Father of English Grammar" (1745-1826).

E. Requiring continual redoing (as labors).

F. An "Affair," Nov. 8, 1861, between Britain and the U. S.

G. A region which Wordsworth says "lies about us in our infancy."

H. Confederate general with Stonewall Jackson (1817-1872).

I. Pertaining to a swineherd or his employment.

J. To be left empty-handed (Colloq.; 3 wds.)

K. Important parts of a radio-control station.

L. Other half of title "Virtue Rewarded" (Samuel Richardson).

M. Wife of Jove and mother of The Graces.

N. Receptive to arguments or ideas (Comp.)

O. To delude with a trick (2 wds.)

P. Nation-wide Jewish fraternity, regardless of dogma, ceremonial, etc.

Q. Chief British negotiator with Franklin in Paris, 1782.

R. Emotionally beyond self-control (3 wds.)

S. Vats or tubs used in brewing, bleaching, etc.

T. A group of whom Parthenope was one.

U. English diplomat, statesman, essayist (1628-99; "Of Ancient and Modern Learning").

V. Excessively educated or trained.

W. A joint agent.

X. Mulvaney's cockney pal (Kipling stories).

Y. State of deception or falsehood.

Z. Danish historical novelist (1821-1908).

WORDS

138 45 74 12 127 4 36

80 7 139 126

86 83 153 159 56

141 104 5 101 26 155

13 170 179 56 21 58 28 44 79

172 10 2 163 91

113 39 88 27 164 60

123 183 59 42 55

84 43 122 142 57 78 109

99 131 107 140 150 167 40 175 95 54

161 1 133 148 96 111 168 11

87 76 81 145 69 157

136 19 51 92 14 65 29 61

177 41 128 31 180 151 169 63 24 137

121 48 124 22 146 64

116 94 114 17 6 143 185 160 25

9 47 16 110 118 46

52 147 72 15 171 160 103 8 120 125 110

178 181 144 3 30 49

132 162 184 71 77 18

166 187 75 20 154 102

176 152 117 135 67 129 62 165

85 97 68 32 130 158 149 119 106 182 186

37 66 35 173 134 105 90 23

156 33 53 38 82 89 70 112 105

174 98 78 34 95

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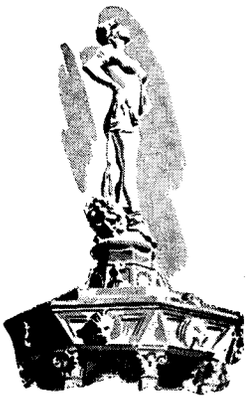

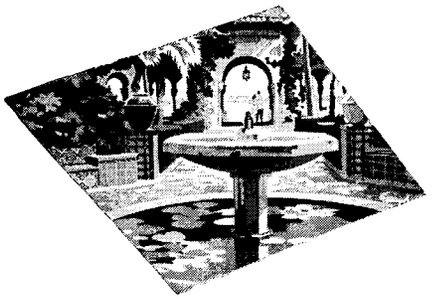

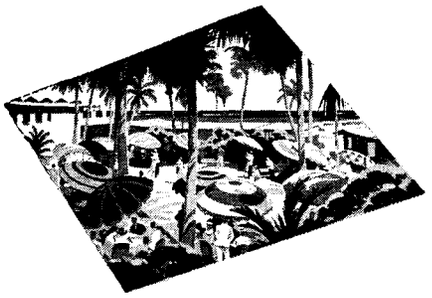

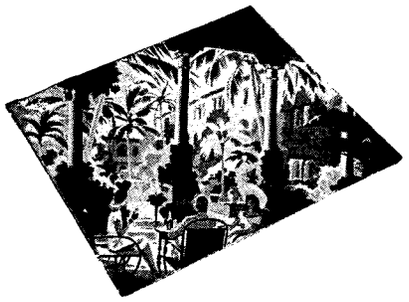

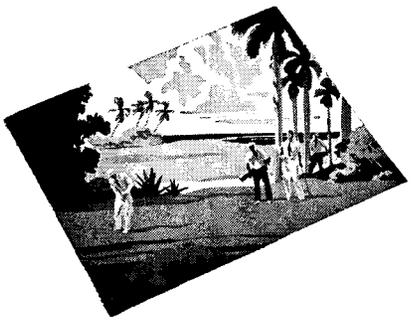

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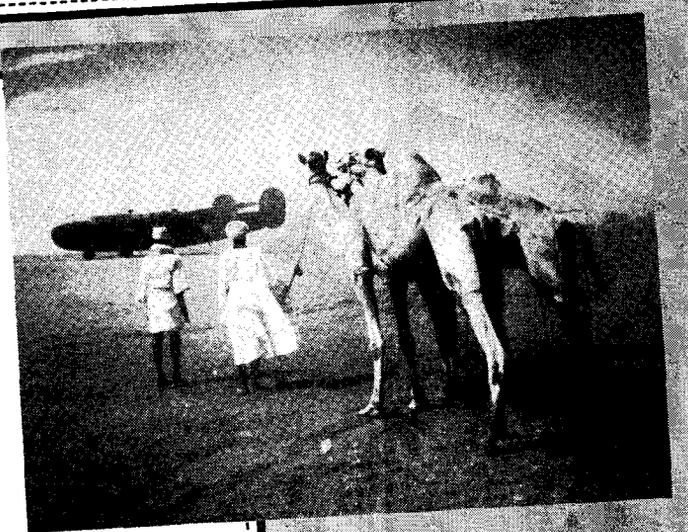

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